

# POLICE

## COMICS

DECEMBER  
No. 85

STILL 52 PAGES

10¢

### PLASTIC MAN

MIXES UP A BATCH  
OF TROUBLE  
for  
THE BAKER!







WEB COMIC  
UNIVERSE.COM



# GIVEN GIVEN

53rd YEAR

BE FIRST

ACT NOW

## PREMIUMS or CASH COMMISSION

ACT NOW

We Trust You

Boys Girls

MAIL COUPON

Ladies Men

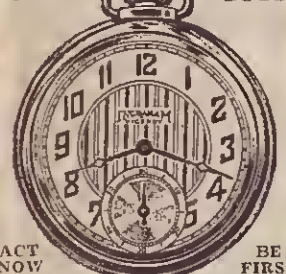
BE FIRST WE ARE RELIABLE

No Money Now

Genuine 22 Caliber Rifles, 1000 Shot Repeater Daisy Air Rifles (with tube of shot), Regulation Footballs, Excel Movie Projectors (sent postage paid). Boys-Girls latest model Bicycles (sent express charges collect). Many other Premiums or Cash Commission now easily yours. **SIMPLY GIVE** art pictures with White CLOVERINE Brand SALVE easily sold to friends, neighbors, relatives at 25 cents a box (with picture) and remit amount asked under Premium shown in catalog sent with order postage paid by us to start. Write or mail coupon for starting order. WILSON CHEMICAL CO., Dept. 108-A, TYRONE, PA.

## GIVEN PREMIUMS or CASH

GIRLS BOYS

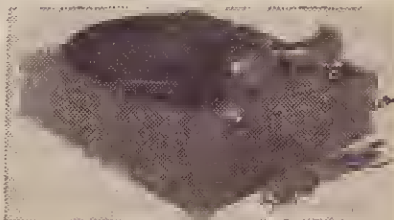


ACT NOW BE FIRST

Pocket Watches, Wrist Watches, Alarm Clocks (sent postage paid). Other Premiums or Cash Commission now easily yours. **SIMPLY GIVE** art pictures with White CLOVERINE Brand SALVE and remit amount asked under Premium shown in catalog sent with order postage paid by us to start. Be first. We are reliable. Wilson Chem. Co., Dept. 108-B, Tyrone, Pa.

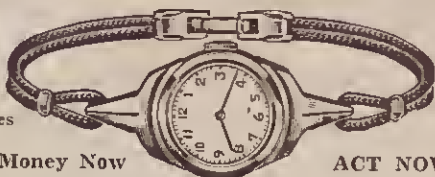
## PREMIUMS or CASH GIVEN

School Boxes, Excellent tone Electric Record Players, 4 Tube Superheterodyne Radios, Telescopes, Cameras (sent postage paid). Many other Premiums or Cash Commission now easily yours. **SIMPLY GIVE** beautiful art pictures with White CLOVERINE Brand SALVE easily sold to friends, neighbors, relatives at 25 cents a box (with picture) and remit amount asked under Premium shown in catalog sent with order postage paid to start. Our 53rd year. We are reliable. Write or mail coupon for starting order sent postage paid by us. We trust you. WILSON CHEM. CO., Dept. 108-C, TYRONE, PA.



## PREMIUMS OR CASH GIVEN

Girls Ladies Boys Men



No Money Now ACT NOW!

Latest design Wrist Watches, Pocket Watches, Alarm Clocks, Footballs, Rifles (sent postage paid). Other Premiums or Cash Commission easily yours. **SIMPLY GIVE** art pictures with White CLOVERINE Brand SALVE sold at 25 cents a box (with picture) and remit per catalog sent with order postage paid to start. Wilson Chem. Co., Dept. 108-E, Tyrone, Pa.

## PREMIUMS - CASH GIVEN

GIRLS-BOYS-LADIES-MEN — Lovable, fully dressed Dolls over 15 inches in height, Wrist Watches, Pocket Watches (sent postage paid), Other Premiums or Cash Commission easily yours. **SIMPLY GIVE** art pictures with White CLOVERINE Brand SALVE and remit per catalog sent with starting order. Be first. Wilson Chem. Co., Dept. 108-D, Tyrone, Pa.

ACT NOW

NO MONEY NOW



## Mail Coupon Today

WILSON CHEM CO., Dept. 108, TYRONE, PA. Date..... Gentlemen!—Please send me on trial, twelve colorful art pictures with twelve boxes of white CLOVERINE Brand SALVE to sell at 25c a box (with picture). I will remit amount within 30 days, select a premium or keep Cash Commission as fully explained under Premium wanted in catalog sent with my order postage paid to start.

NAME ..... AGE .....

ST. .... R.D. .... BOX.....

TOWN ..... No. .... STATE.....

Print LAST Name Here

Write or paste coupon on postal card or mail in an envelope

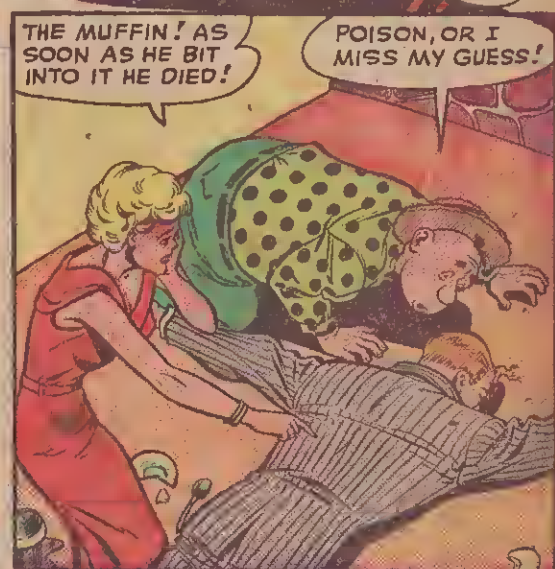
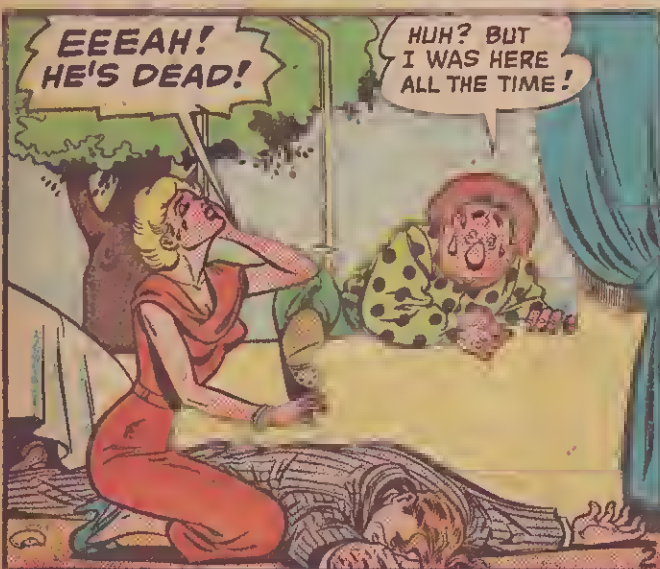
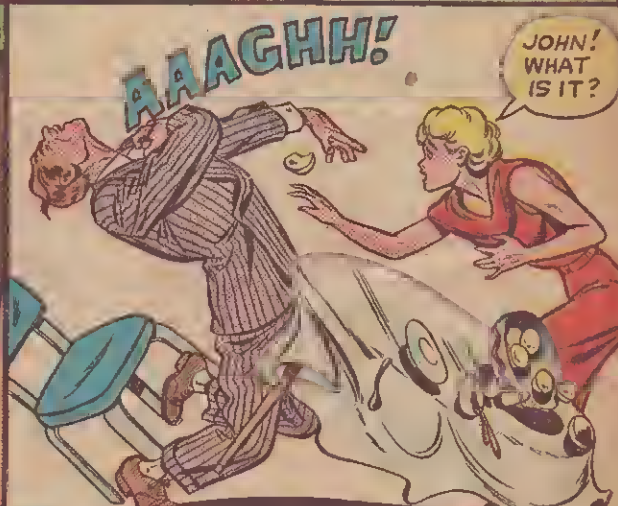
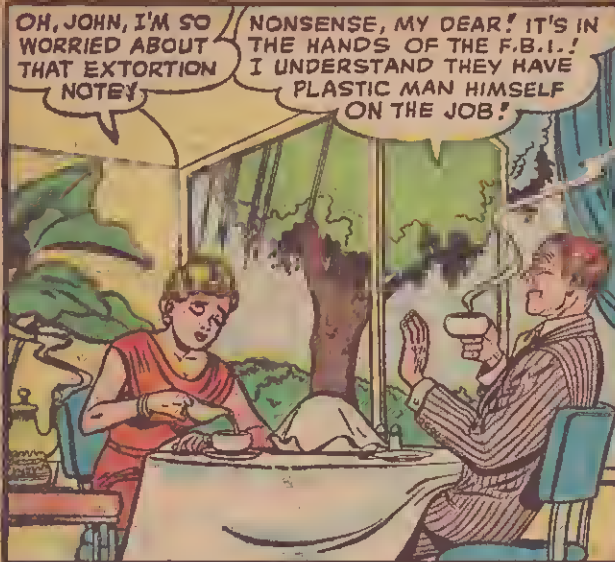
# Plastic Man

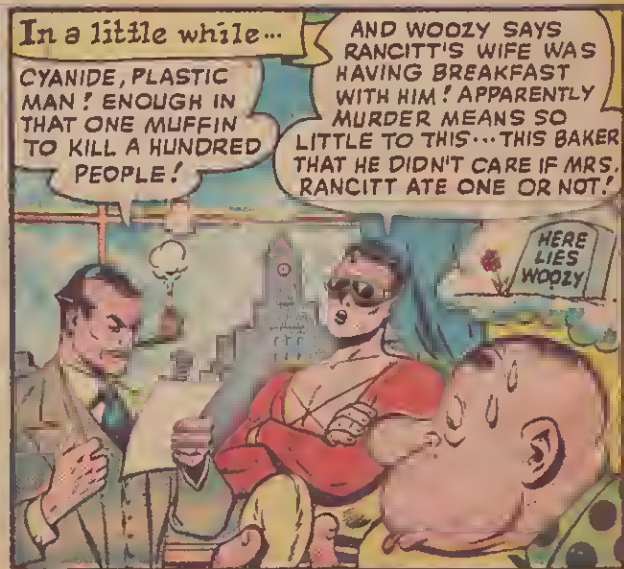
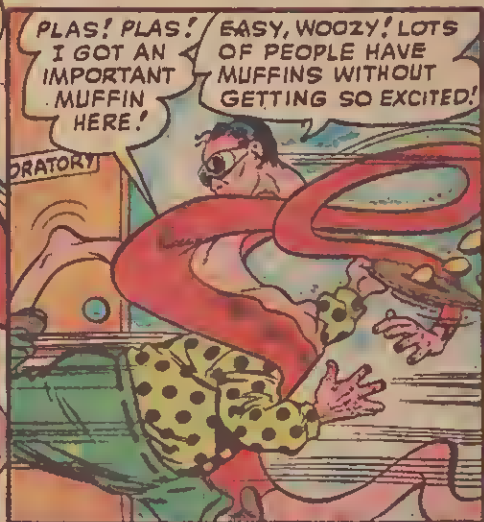
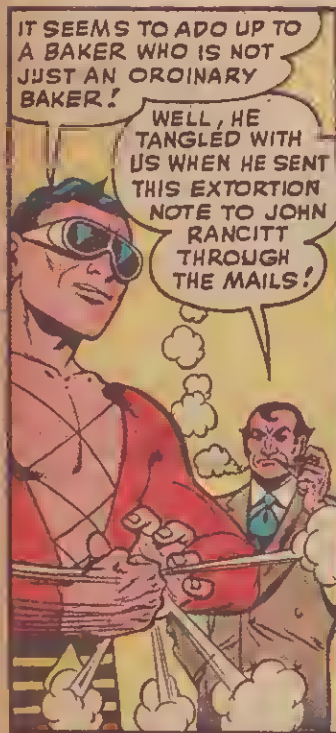
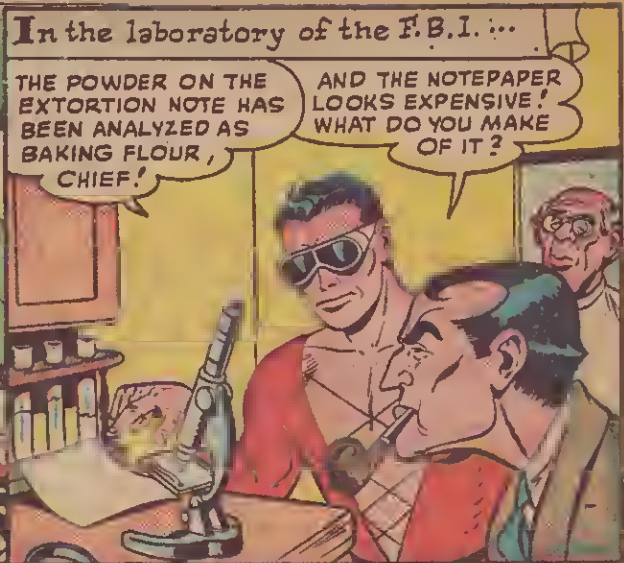
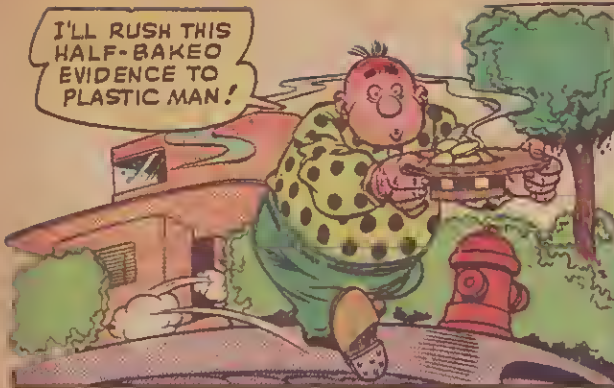
WHAT A CAKE!  
THE MOST ARTISTIC,  
THE MOST BEAUTIFUL  
OF ALL MY  
CREATIONS!

BUT SAMPLE  
THIS ONE FOR  
FLAVOR!

**T**HE BAKER had a  
thousand recipes for  
murder... but stopping  
his cookery wasn't a  
cakewalk for  
**PLASTIC MAN!**











YOU'VE GOT TO GET THAT BAKER QUICKLY, PLASTIC MAN! RANCITT CAME TO US, BUT WHO KNOWS HOW MANY PEOPLE PAID HIM WITHOUT TELLING ANYBODY!

I'LL GET HIM!

YOU'VE GOT TO HELP ME! MY NAME IS JELLEP! JOHN RANCITT WAS MY BEST FRIEND! TEN MINUTES AFTER HIS WIFE CALLED TO TELL ME ABOUT HIS AWFUL DEATH, I FOUND THIS NOTE IN MY MAIL BOX!



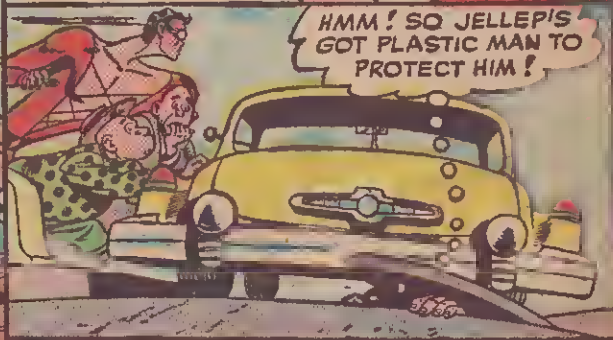
HAVE FIFTY THOUSAND DOLLARS READY TODAY! IT WILL BE CALLED FOR! REFUSE TO COMPLY OR TELL THE POLICE AND YOU WILL DIE!

SAME NOTE - PAPER! AND TRACES OF FLOUR AGAIN!

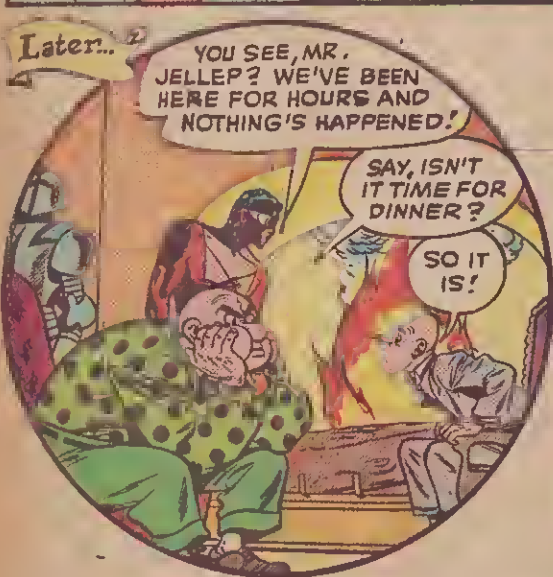


I'LL STAY CLOSE TO YOU, MR. JELLEP! YOU AREN'T PAYING ANY EXTORTION MONEY!

ANYTHING YOU SAY, PLASTIC MAN! I WON'T WORRY WITH YOU AROUND!



HMM! SO JELLEP'S GOT PLASTIC MAN TO PROTECT HIM!



Later...

YOU SEE, MR. JELLEP? WE'VE BEEN HERE FOR HOURS AND NOTHING'S HAPPENED!

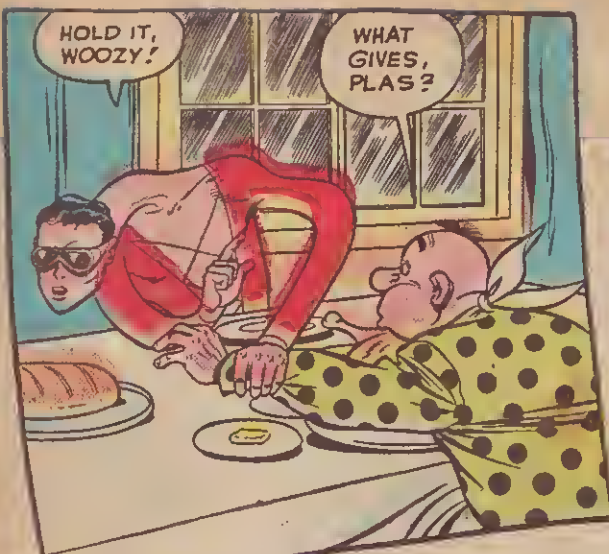
SAY, ISN'T IT TIME FOR DINNER?

SO IT IS!



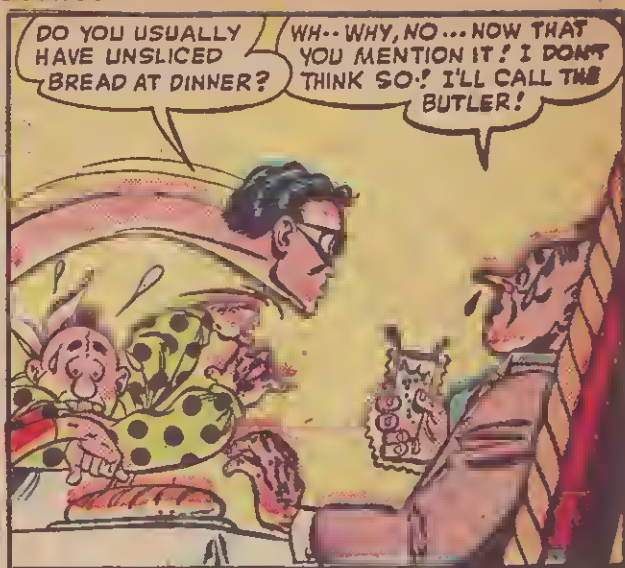
AH! JUST WHAT I LIKE! TURKEY, SWEET POTATOES, CRANBERRY SAUCE AND SOME NICE FRESH BREAD!





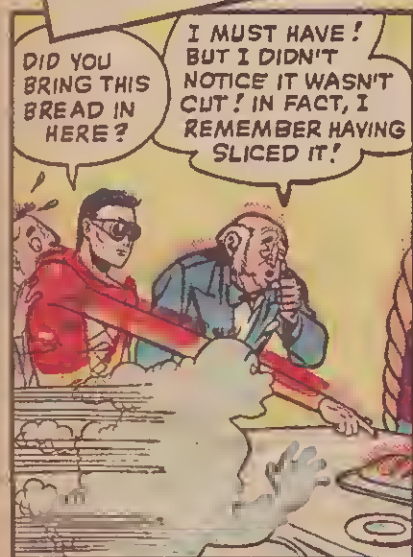
HOLD IT, WOOLLY!

WHAT GIVES, PLAS?



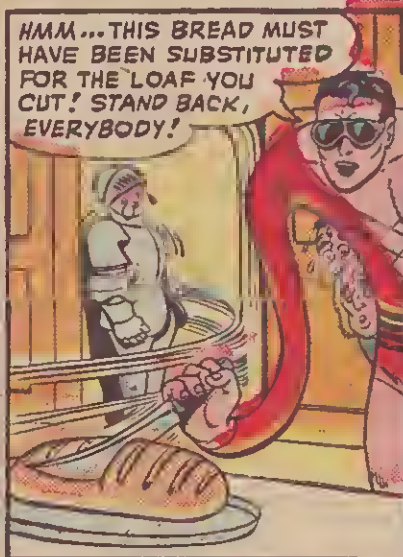
DO YOU USUALLY HAVE UNSLICED BREAD AT DINNER?

WH... WHY, NO ... NOW THAT YOU MENTION IT! I DON'T THINK SO! I'LL CALL THE BUTLER!



DID YOU BRING THIS BREAD IN HERE?

I MUST HAVE! BUT I DIDN'T NOTICE IT WASN'T CUT! IN FACT, I REMEMBER HAVING SLICED IT!



HMM...THIS BREAD MUST HAVE BEEN SUBSTITUTED FOR THE LOAF YOU CUT! STAND BACK, EVERYBODY!



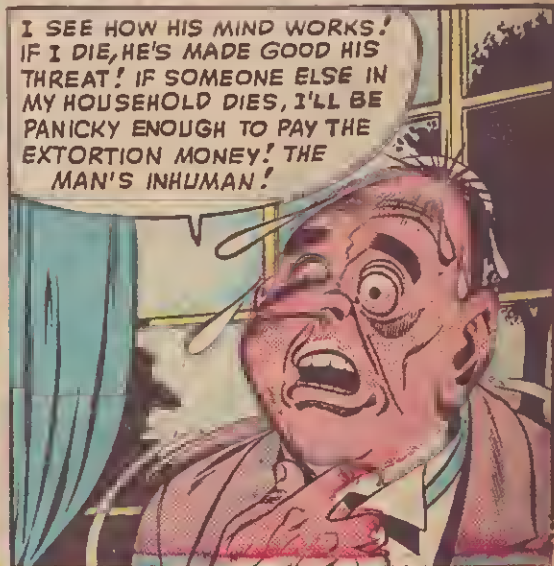
A DEADLY SCORPION!

GULP! I'D HAVE BEEN STUNG FOR SURE!



THIS SCORPION WAS MEANT TO KILL MR. JELLEN, BUT AGAIN THE MYSTERIOUS BAKER DIDN'T SEEM TO MIND IF SOMEONE ELSE WAS KILLED BY MISTAKE!

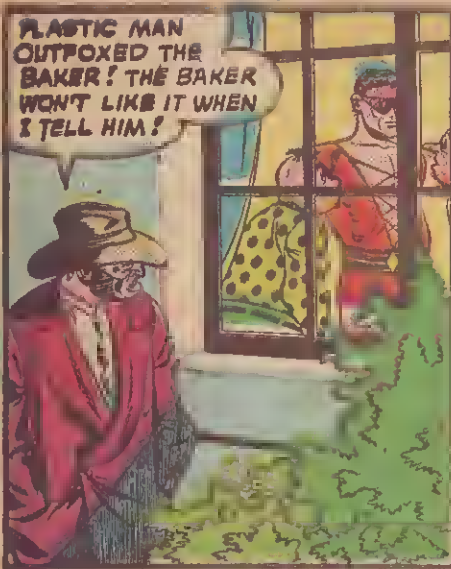
I'M GLAD IT WASN'T ME!



I SEE HOW HIS MIND WORKS! IF I DIE, HE'S MADE GOOD HIS THREAT! IF SOMEONE ELSE IN MY HOUSEHOLD DIES, I'LL BE PANICKY ENOUGH TO PAY THE EXTORTION MONEY! THE MAN'S INHUMAN!



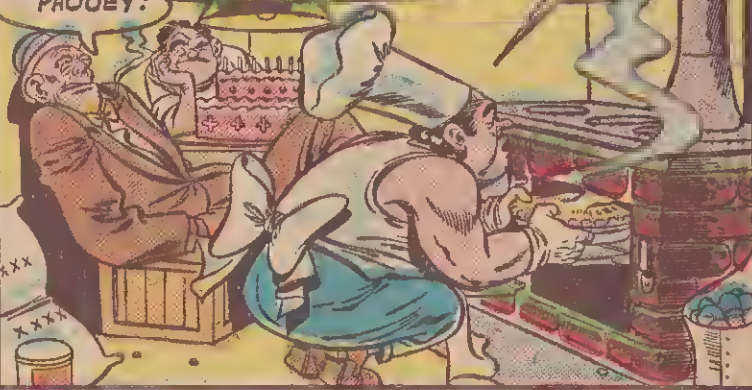
PLASTIC MAN  
OUTFOXED THE  
BAKER! THE BAKER  
WON'T LIKE IT WHEN  
I TELL HIM!



At the Baker's hideout...

Y'KNOW, BOSS, I CAN UNDERSTAND  
IT WHEN YOU BAKE THINGS TO  
KNOCK OFF GUYS WHO WON'T  
SHELL OUT... BUT FOR RELAXATION...  
PHOOEY!

HEH! HEH! WHAT  
WOULD A CRUDE  
THUG LIKE YOU  
KNOW ABOUT  
THE CULINARY  
ART?



EVER SINCE I WAS A POOR  
APPRENTICE BAKER I HAVE  
MADE CAKES, PIES AND  
BUNS THAT WERE MASTER-  
PIECES! TROUBLE WAS,  
THAT PROFESSION DIDN'T  
PAY TOO WELL!

SO I DECIDED TO  
COMBINE CLEVER  
CRIME WITH MY  
WORK! HEH! HEH!  
AS YOU KNOW, I NOW  
REAP A FORTUNE DOING  
THE WORK I  
LOVE!

AW, I'D STILL  
RATHER USE A  
BLACKJACK OR  
A ROD!



THE JELLEP JOB  
WAS QUEERED BY  
PLASTIC MAN,  
BOSS! I SUBSTITUTED  
YOUR LOAF OF BREAD  
ON THE TABLE LIKE YOU  
TOLD ME, BUT PLASTIC  
MAN MUST HAVE  
CAUGHT ON!

PLASTIC  
MAN, EH?



IT'LL BE A PLEASURE TO  
MATCH WITS WITH HIM!  
I HEAR R.F. HAGEN, THE  
OIL MAN, HAS GONE TO  
THE POLICE, TOO! LET'S  
SEE PLASTIC MAN  
PREVENT HIS  
DEATH!



And at the office of the F.B.I....

IT'S A MAN NAMED  
R.F. HAGEN! HE'S  
GOTTEN A NOTE LIKE  
THE ONE SENT TO  
JELLEP!

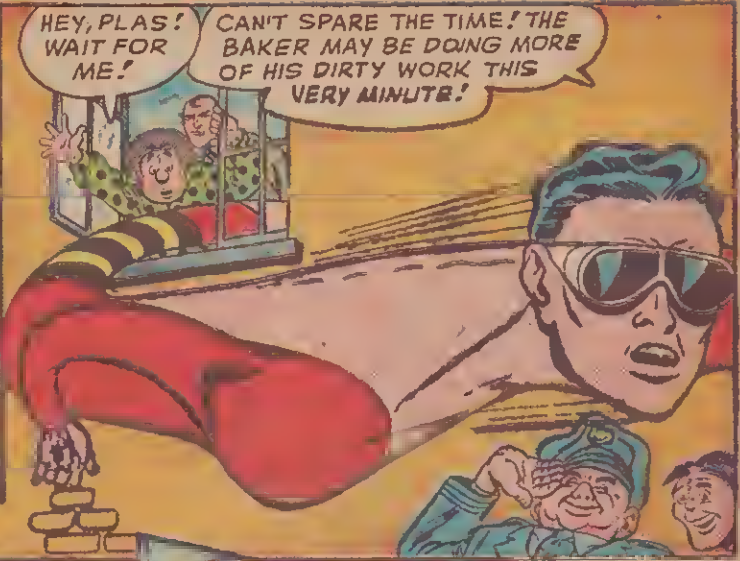
NOTHING TO IT,  
CHIEF! JUST TELL  
HIM TO LOOK OUT  
FOR SCORPIONS IN  
HIS BREAD!





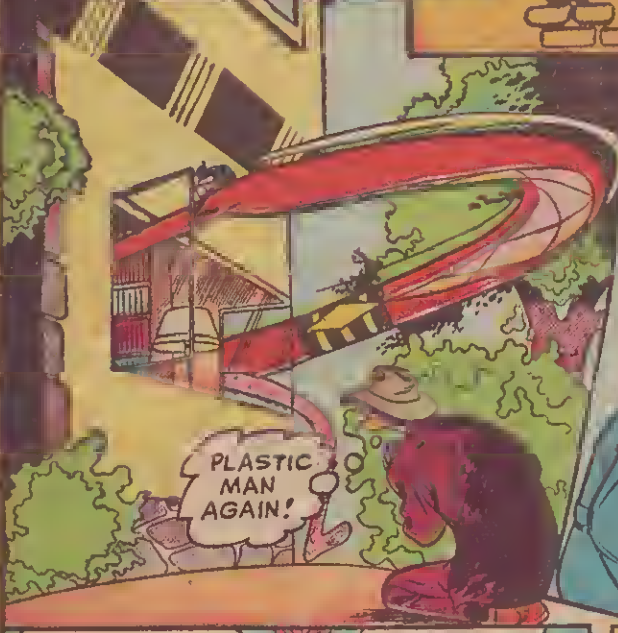


IT ISN'T THAT SIMPLE, WOOLZY! LET ME SEE THAT ADDRESS, CHIEF!



HEY, PLAS! WAIT FOR ME!

CAN'T SPARE THE TIME! THE BAKER MAY BE DOING MORE OF HIS DIRTY WORK THIS VERY MINUTE!



PLASTIC MAN AGAIN!



THAT'S ODD! I DON'T REMEMBER TELLING THE COOK TO BAKE A PIE!

OH, GOODY! COOK WANTED TO SURPRISE US! IT LOOKS WONDERFUL!



BUT I WOULDN'T VOUCH FOR HOW IT TASTES!

PLASTIC MAN!

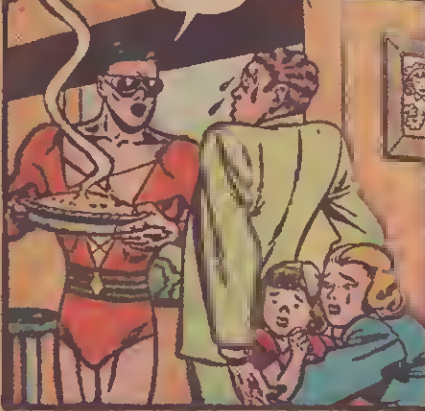


REMEMBER, MR. HAGEN, THAT YOU'VE BEEN THREATENED! A PARTICULAR BAKER HAS A WAY OF MAKING SUCH DELICACIES TURN AWFULLY SOUR!

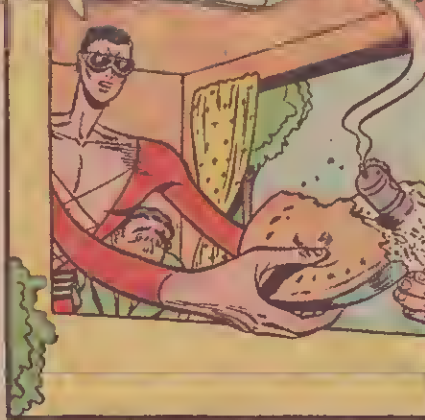
JUPITER! YOU DON'T THINK...



SO FAR THIS BAKER HASN'T USED THE SAME MURDER METHOD TWICE, BUT OBVIOUSLY HE'D EXPECT YOU TO USE A KNIFE ON A PIE!



SO, I'LL TAKE A CHANCE WITH MY HANDS AND HOPE THERE AREN'T ANY MORE SCORPIONS!



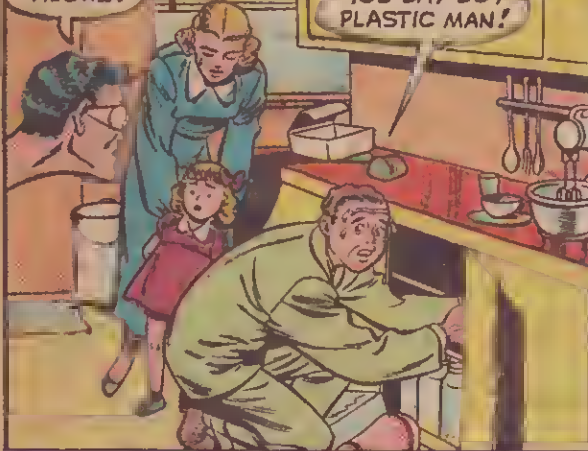
A MINIATURE MAGNETIC MINE! CONTACT WITH THE KNIFE WOULD HAVE BLOWN THIS ROOM TO BITS!

GREAT SCOTT!

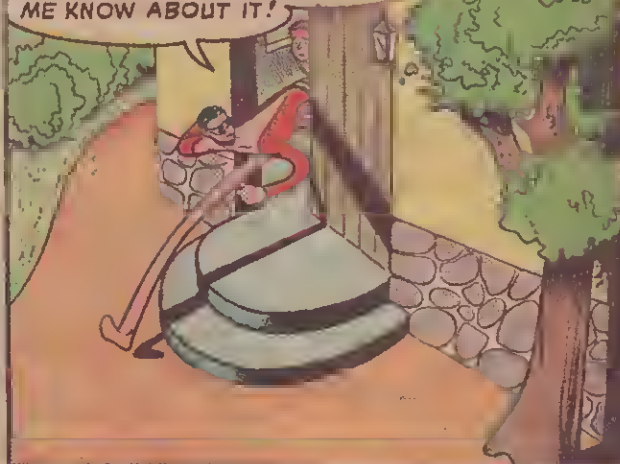


YOU'LL BE SAFE FOR A WHILE IF YOU LEAVE ALL BAKERY PRODUCTS ALONE!

WE.. WE WON'T TOUCH SO MUCH AS A CRACKER UNTIL YOU SAY SO, PLASTIC MAN!



GOOD! I'VE AN IDEA THAT BECAUSE I'VE FOILED THIS KILLER TWICE HE MAY BE ANGRY ENOUGH TO LET ME KNOW ABOUT IT!

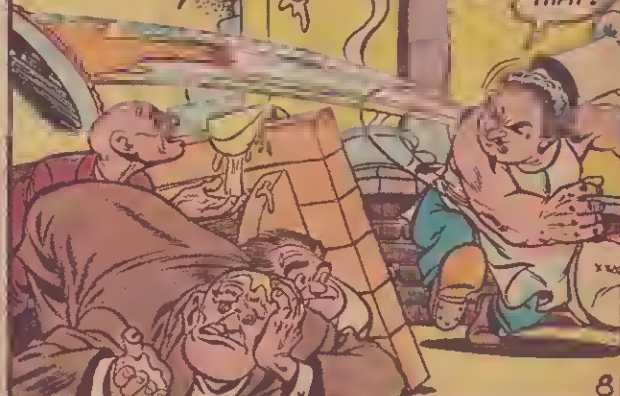


THE PLACE DIDN'T BLOW UP, AND PLASTIC MAN'S ON HIS WAY OUT! THAT MEANS HE'S PUT IT OVER ON THE BAKER AGAIN!

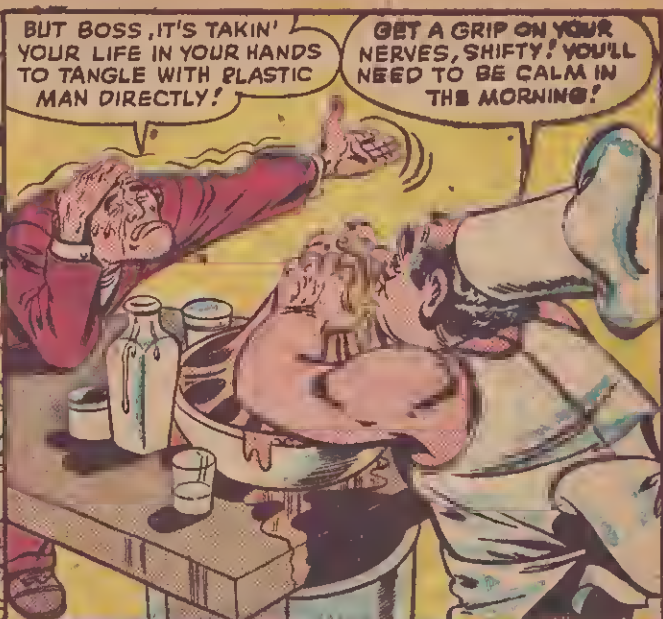
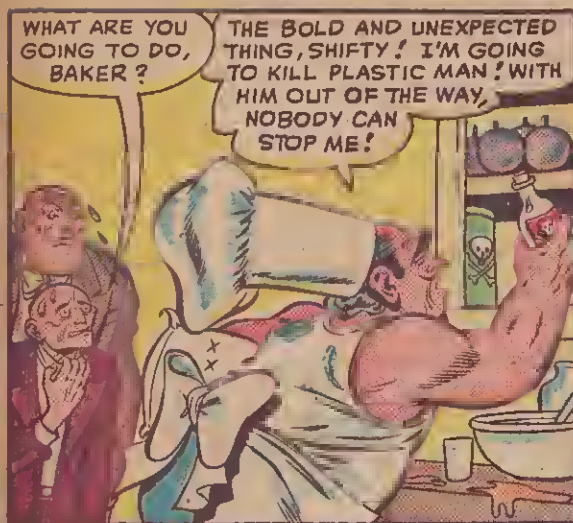


WE LOST FOR THE SECOND TIME, BOSS! PLASTIC MAN WAS AT THE HAGEN PLACE AND NOTHING HAPPENED!

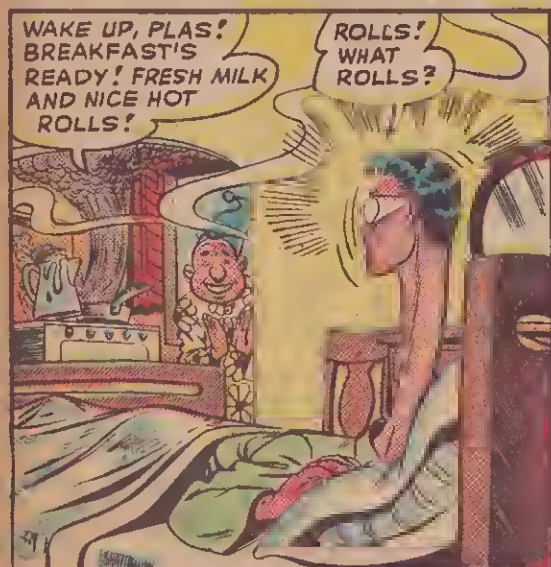
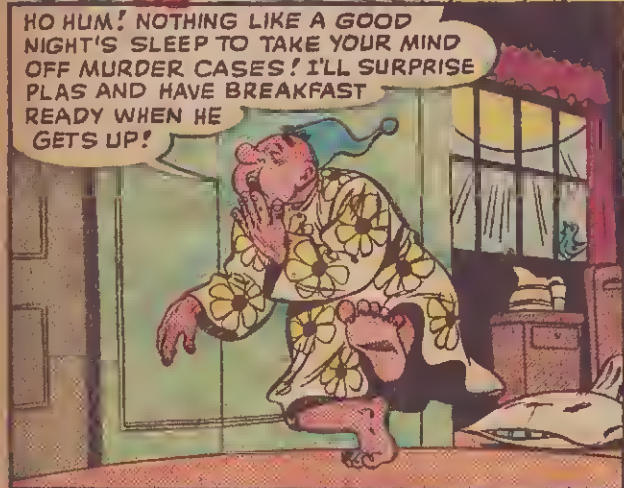
SO PLASTIC MAN THINKS HE CAN KEEP THWARTING ME! WE'LL SEE ABOUT THAT!







NEXT MORNING...



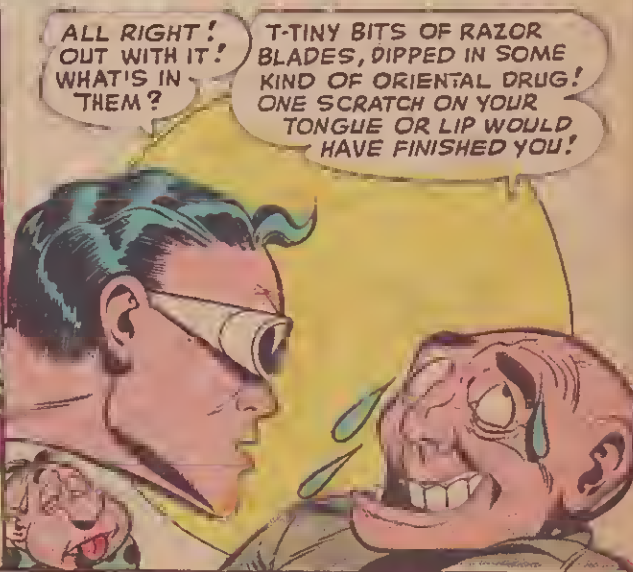
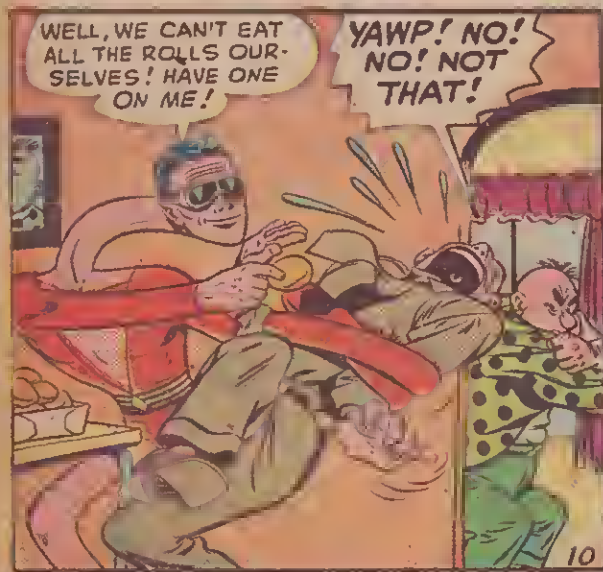
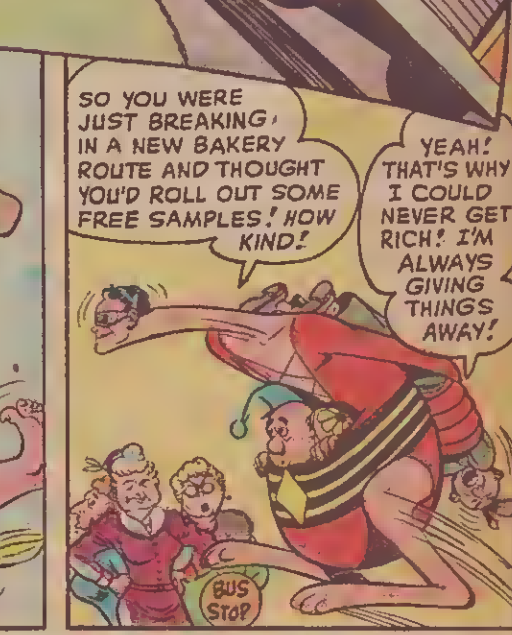
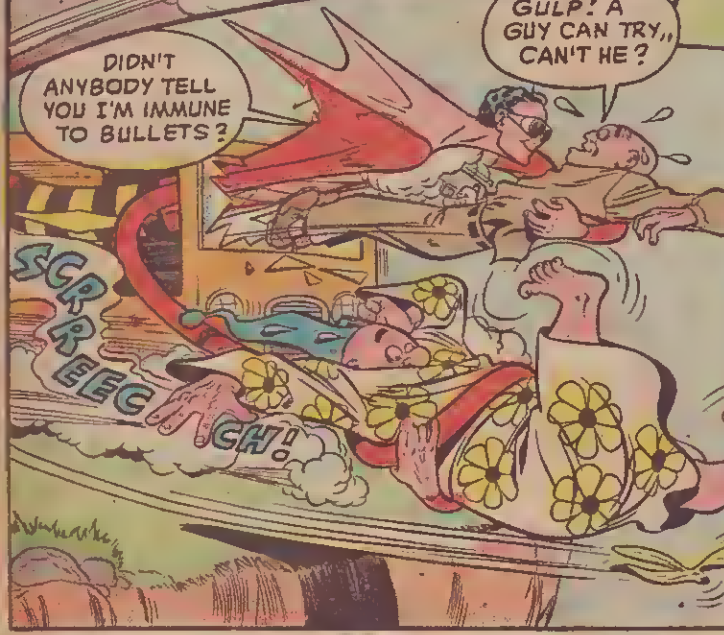
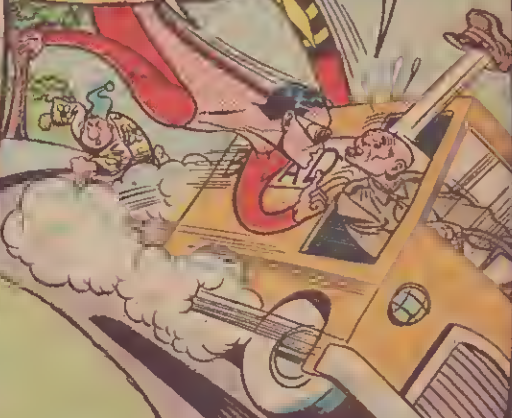
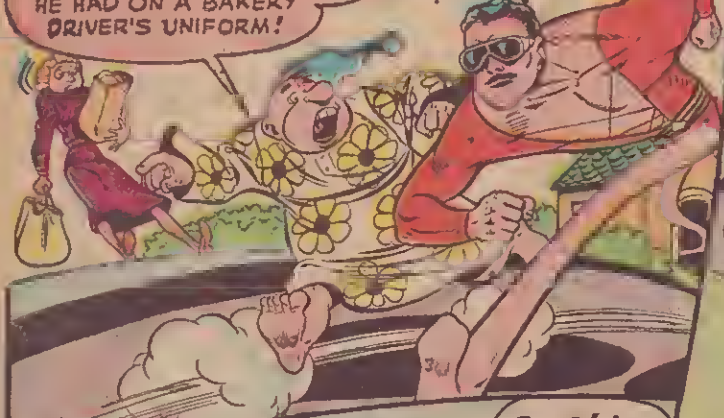


JEEPERS, PLAS! I GET THE PICTURE! MAYBE YOU CAN STILL CATCH HIM! HE HAD ON A BAKERY DRIVER'S UNIFORM!

THIS MIGHT BE THE HOMESTRETCH!

AS A MATTER OF FACT, IT'S A PHOTO FINISH!

GRAWK!

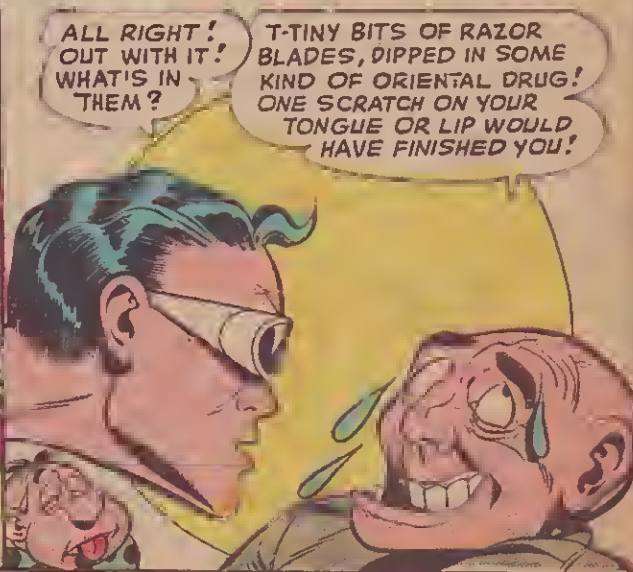
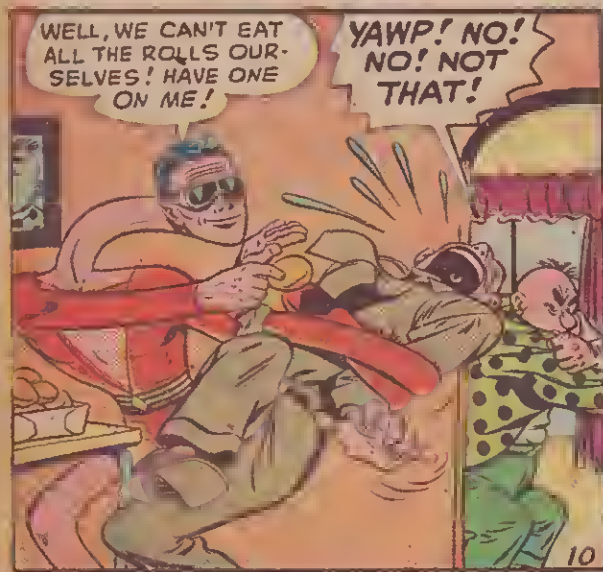
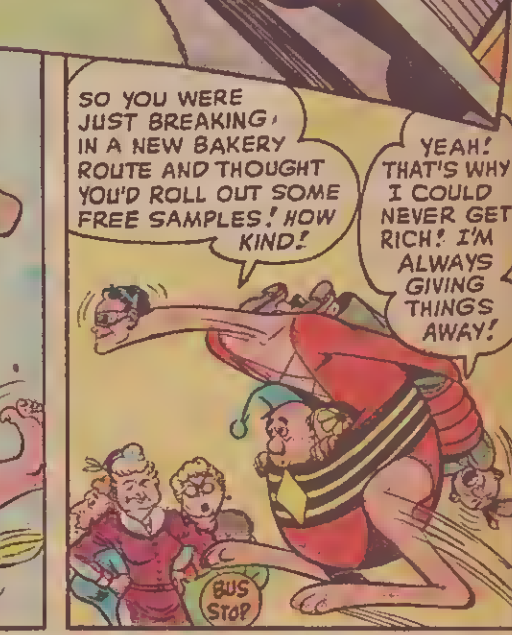
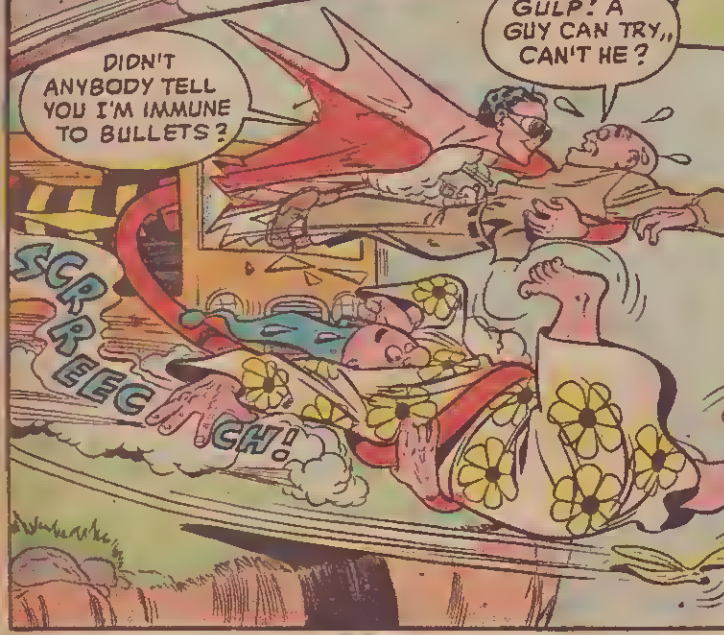
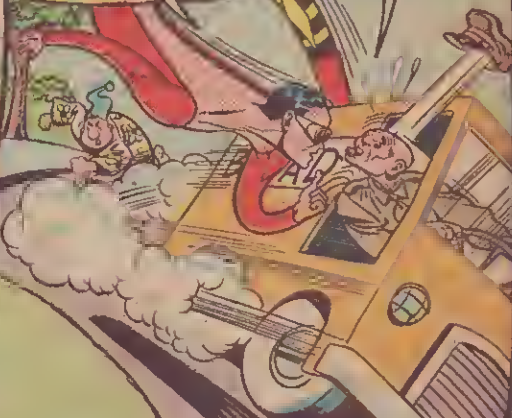
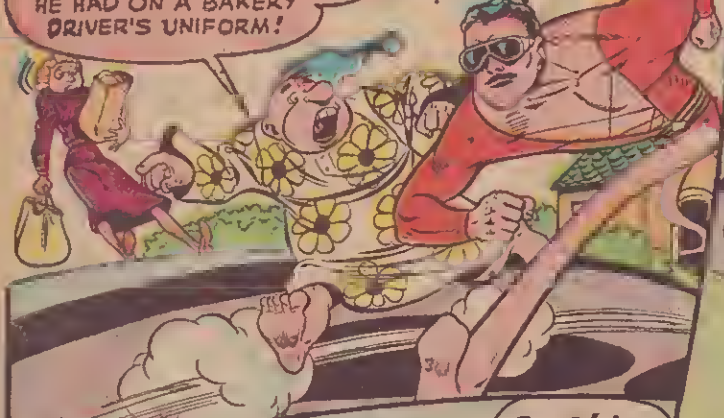


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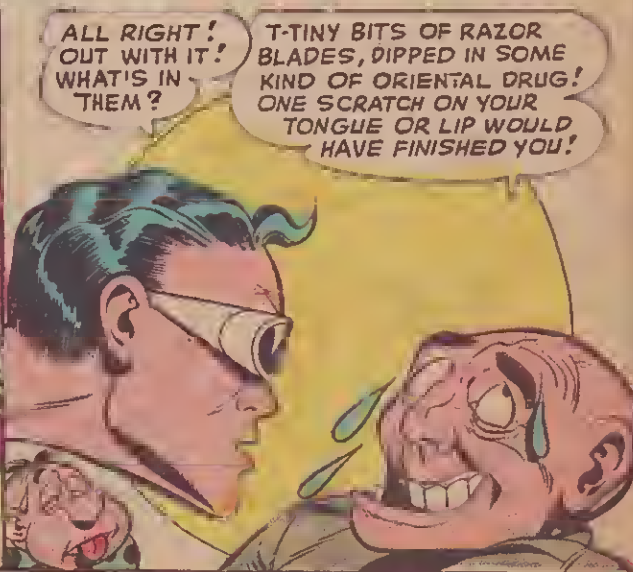
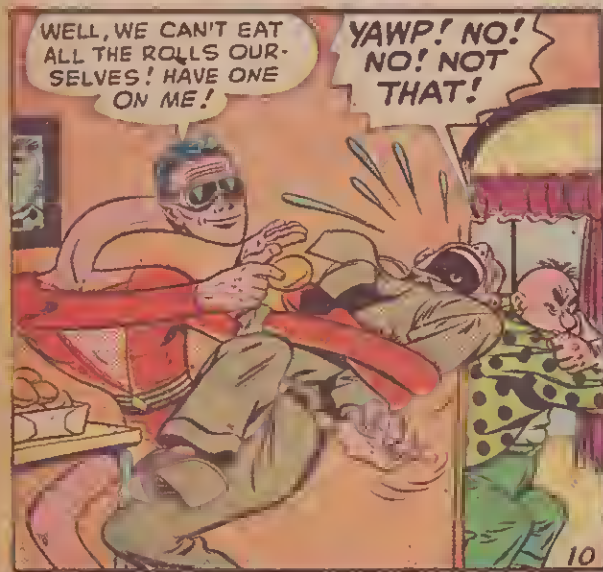
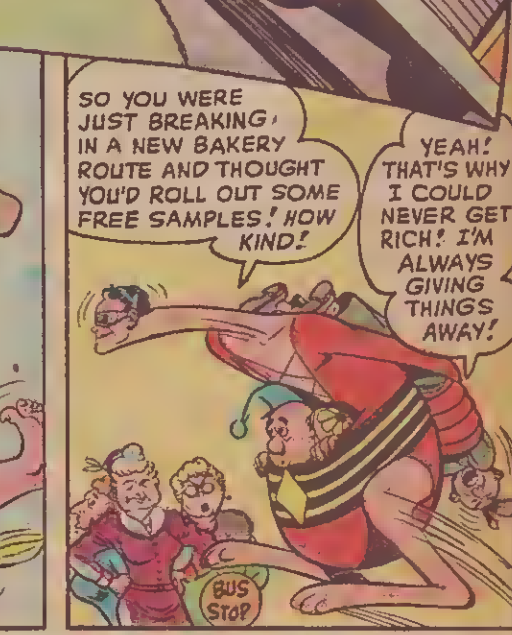
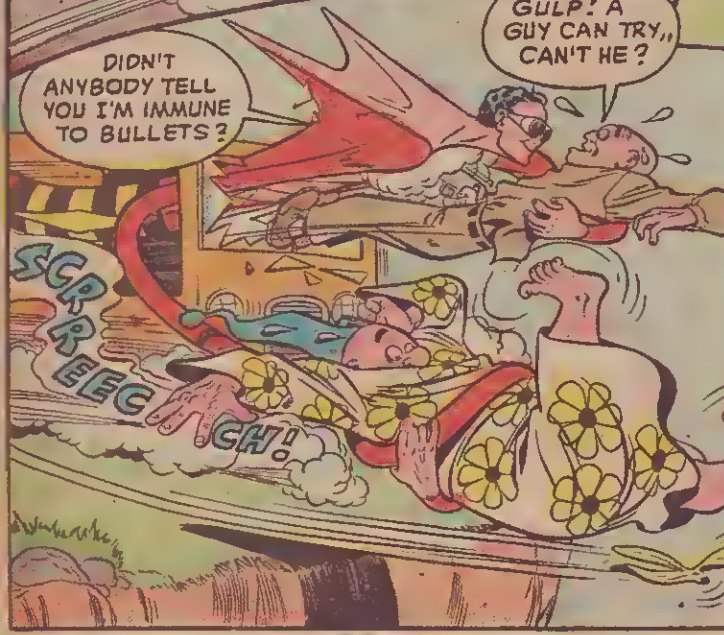
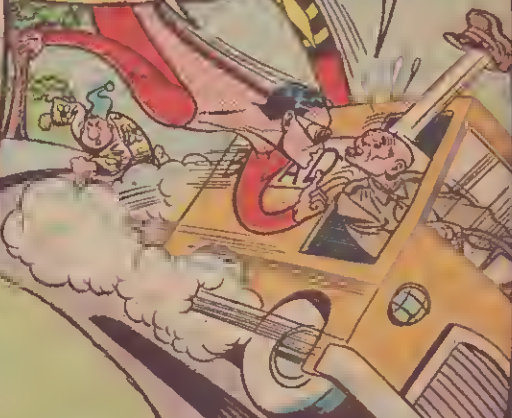
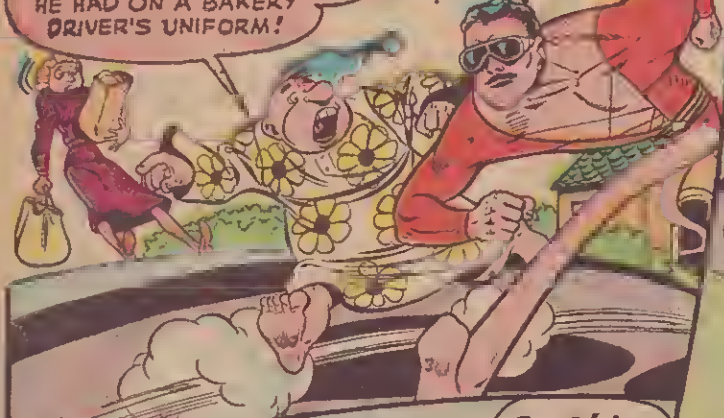


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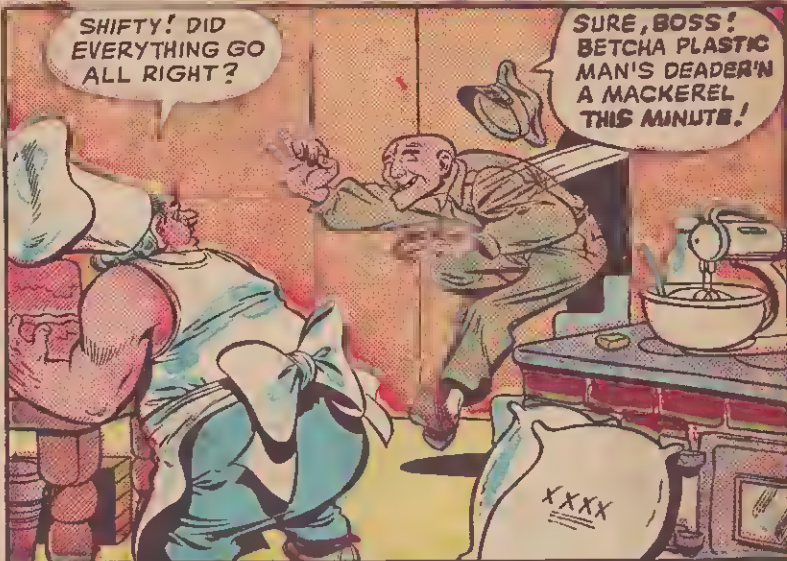
Meanwhile...

IF NOTHING'S GONE WRONG, PLASTIC MAN MAY BE DEAD BY NOW!



SHIFTY! DID EVERYTHING GO ALL RIGHT?

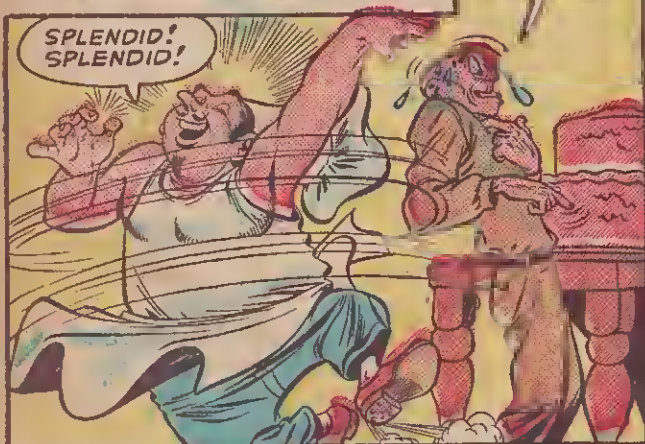
SURE, BOSS! BETCHA PLASTIC MAN'S DEADER'N A MACKEREL THIS MINUTE!



WHO'S THIS ONE FOR, BOSS?

DUDLEY GOWAN! IT'S HIS BIRTHDAY AND I'LL BE THERE TO WATCH HIM DIE!

YOU MEAN YOU'RE GOING TO THE PARTY?



SPLENDID! SPLENDID!



EXACTLY! GOWAN IS A MILLIONAIRE, BUT HE REFUSES TO PAY UP! HE INVITES HUNDREDS OF PEOPLE TO HIS PARTIES! HE'LL NEVER NOTICE ME IN THE MOB!

HEH, HEH! HE WON'T IGNORE ME WHEN HE LIGHTS THE CANDLES ON MY BIRTHDAY CAKE! HEH, HEH!

WHAT HAPPENS THEN, BOSS?

PRETTY, EH! BUT THEY AREN'T WAX CANDLES! THEY'RE FUSES! AS SOON AS GOWAN LIGHTS ONE, IT'LL BURN RIGHT DOWN TO THE CAKE!

GEE, BOSS, YOU'RE A GENIUS! YOU MEAN THE CAKES LOADED...



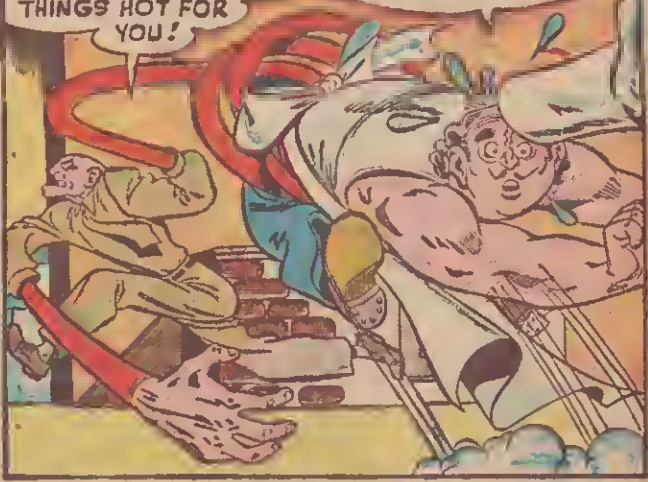


WITH JUST ENOUGH T.N.T. TO  
BLOW GOWAN'S HEAD OFF! IT  
MIGHT EVEN KILL ONE OR TWO  
OTHER PEOPLE IF THEY STAND  
TOO CLOSE TO HIM!



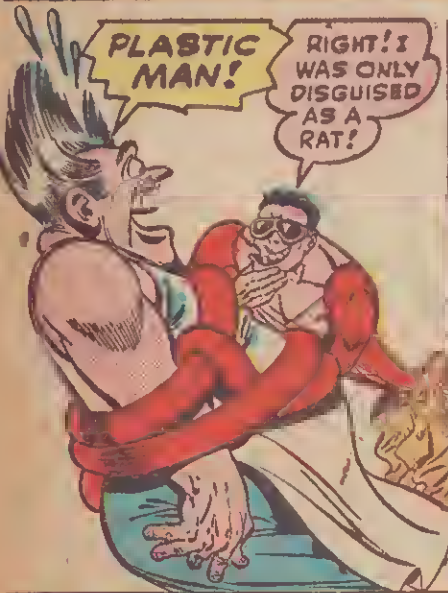
YOU COLD-BLOODED  
MURDERER! I'M GOING  
TO ENJOY MAKING  
THINGS HOT FOR  
YOU!

HUH? SHIFTY! WHO  
ARE YOU TALKING  
TO...? GRAWK!



PLASTIC  
MAN!

RIGHT! I  
WAS ONLY  
DISGUISED  
AS A RAT!



NIX!  
DROP  
THAT!



HAVE SOME  
CAKE ICING!

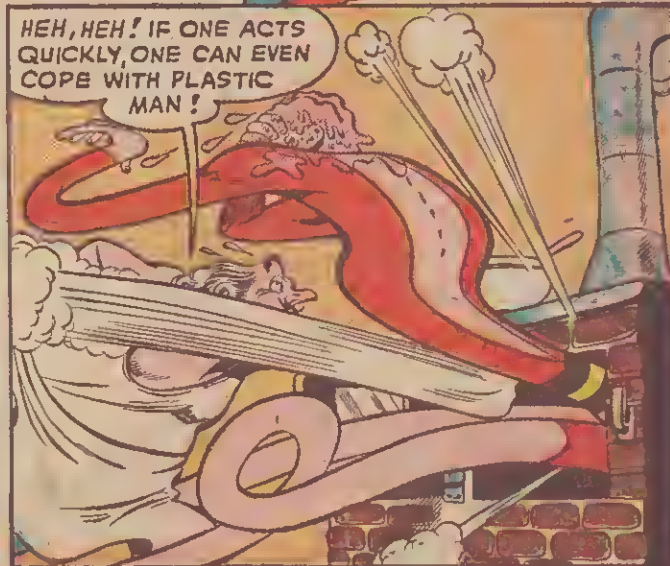
WH...  
WHAT?



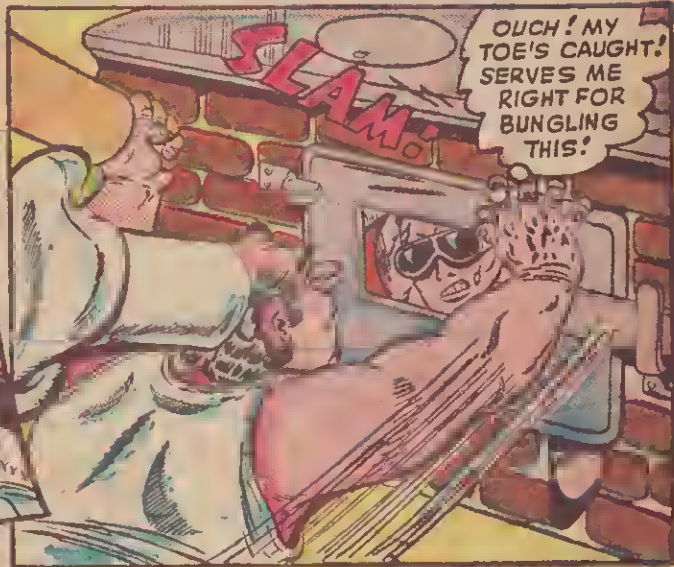
THIS BETTER  
WORK OR I'M  
SUNK!



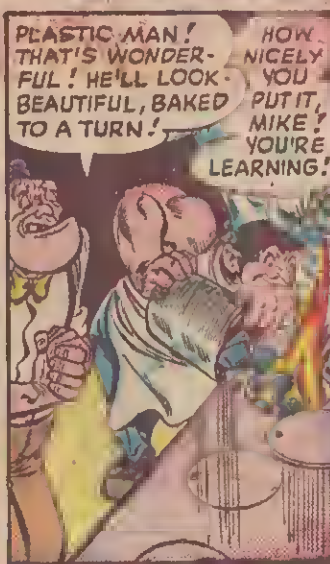
HEH, HEH! IF ONE ACTS  
QUICKLY, ONE CAN EVEN  
COPE WITH PLASTIC  
MAN!







PLASTIC MAN MUST HAVE CAUGHT SHIFTY, BUT I CAUGHT PLASTIC MAN! I'VE GOT HIM IN THE OVEN!



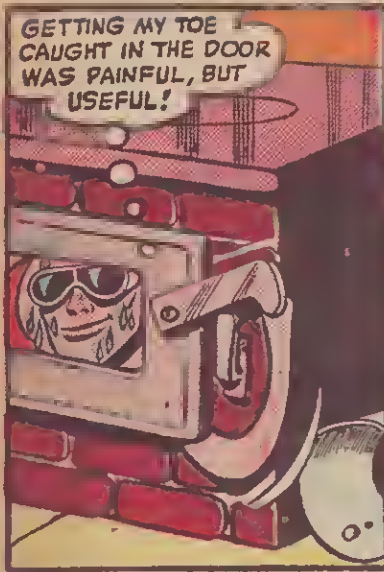
HOW NICELY YOU PUT IT, MIKE! YOU'RE LEARNING!



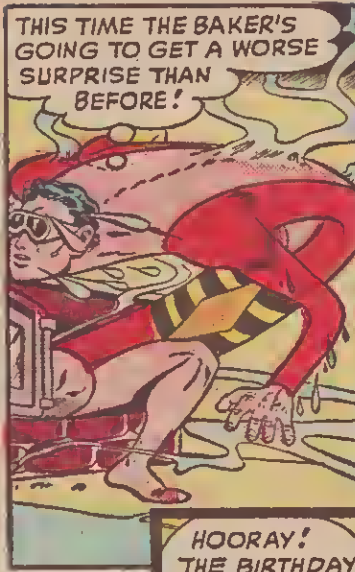
RIGHT, BOSS!



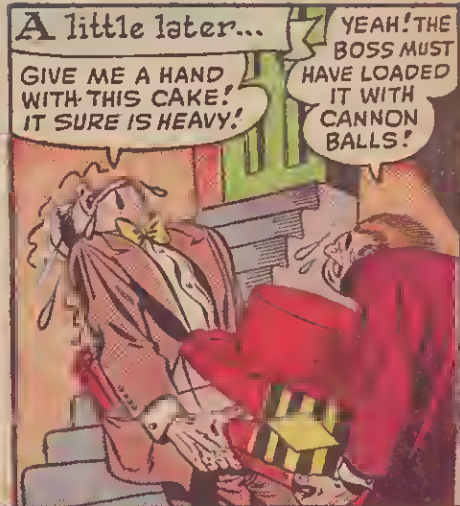




GETTING MY TOE  
CAUGHT IN THE DOOR  
WAS PAINFUL, BUT  
USEFUL!

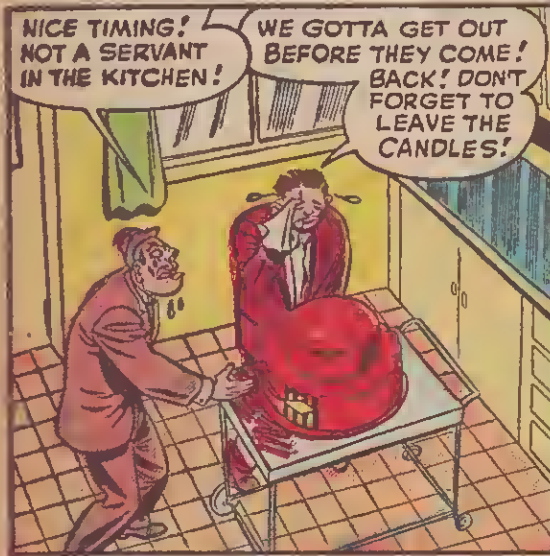


THIS TIME THE BAKER'S  
GOING TO GET A WORSE  
SURPRISE THAN  
BEFORE!



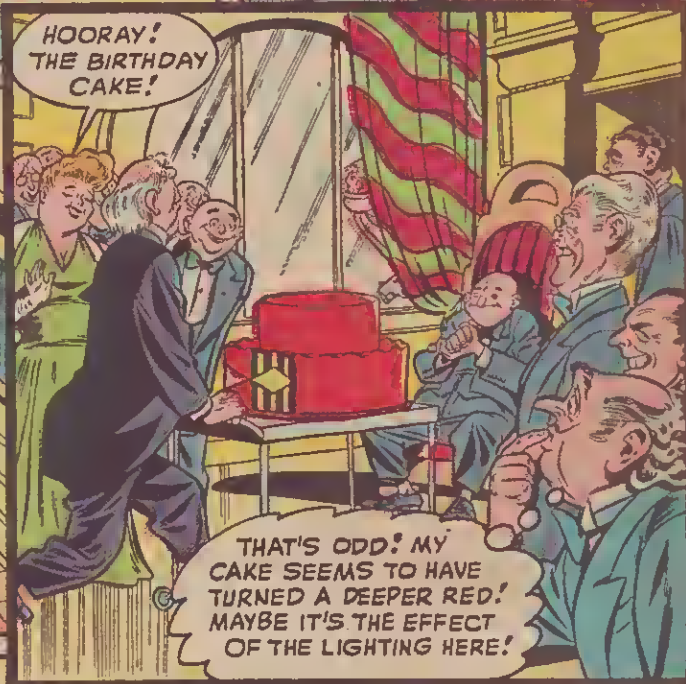
A little later...  
GIVE ME A HAND  
WITH THIS CAKE!  
IT SURE IS HEAVY!

YEAH! THE  
BOSS MUST  
HAVE LOADED  
IT WITH  
CANNON  
BALLS!



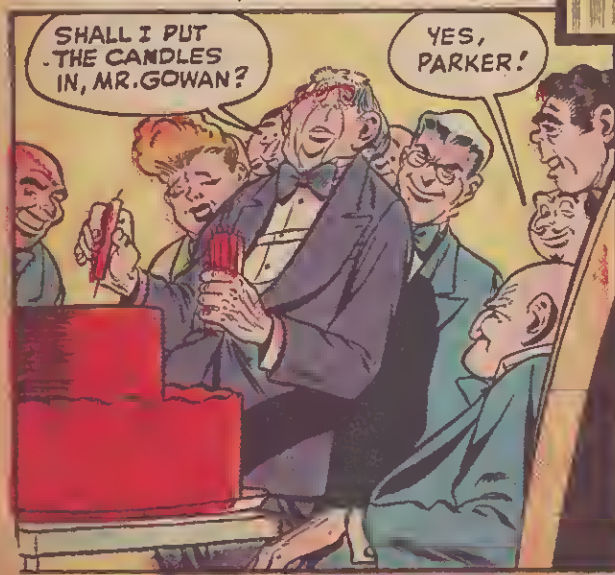
NICE TIMING!  
NOT A SERVANT  
IN THE KITCHEN!

WE GOTTA GET OUT  
BEFORE THEY COME!  
BACK! DON'T  
FORGET TO  
LEAVE THE  
CANDLES!



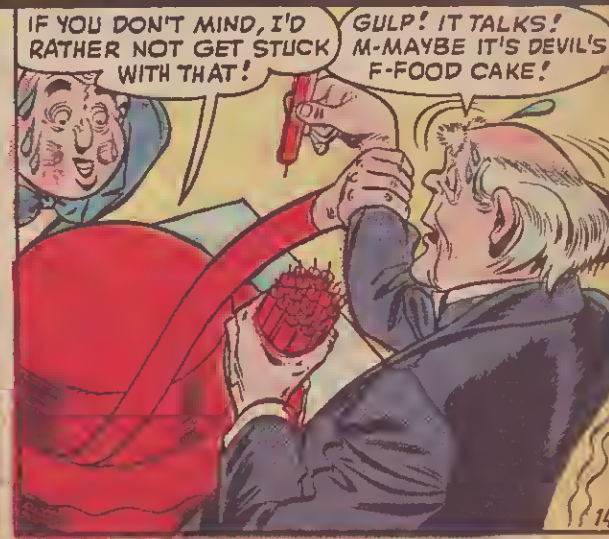
HOORAY!  
THE BIRTHDAY  
CAKE!

THAT'S ODD! MY  
CAKE SEEMS TO HAVE  
TURNED A DEEPER RED!  
MAYBE IT'S THE EFFECT  
OF THE LIGHTING HERE!



SHALL I PUT  
THE CANDLES  
IN, MR. GOWAN?

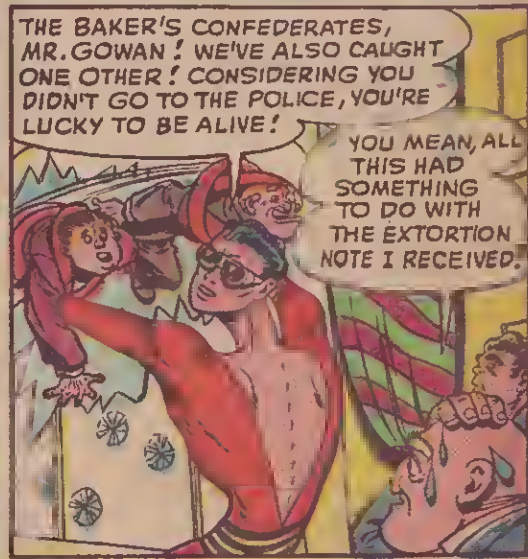
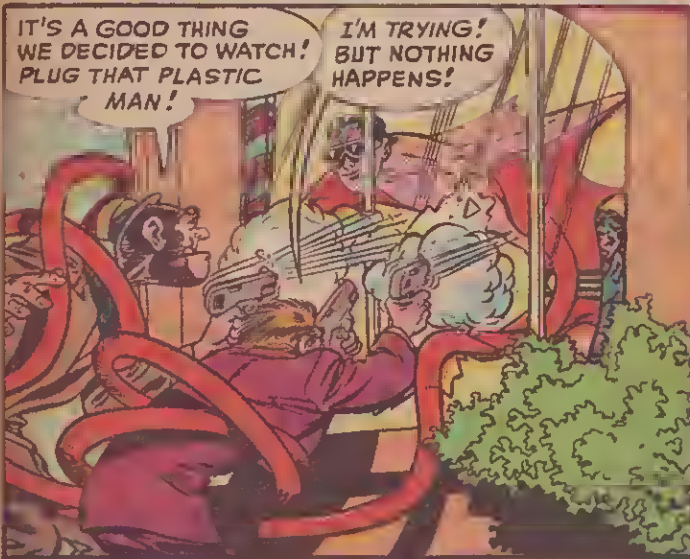
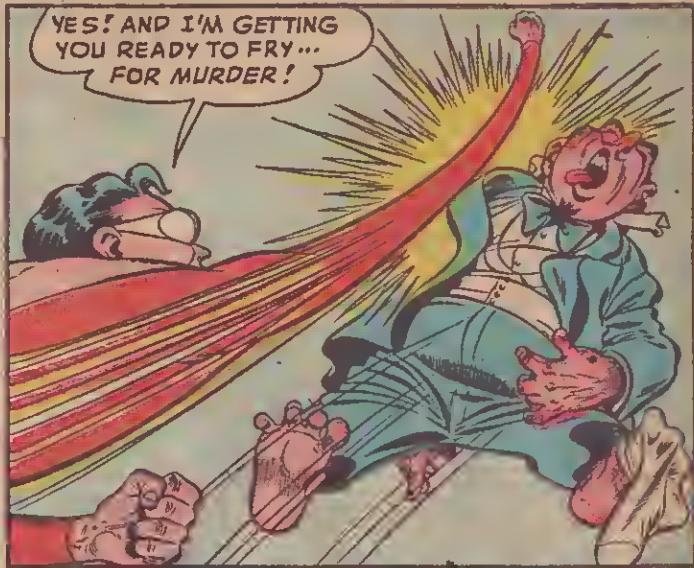
YES,  
PARKER!



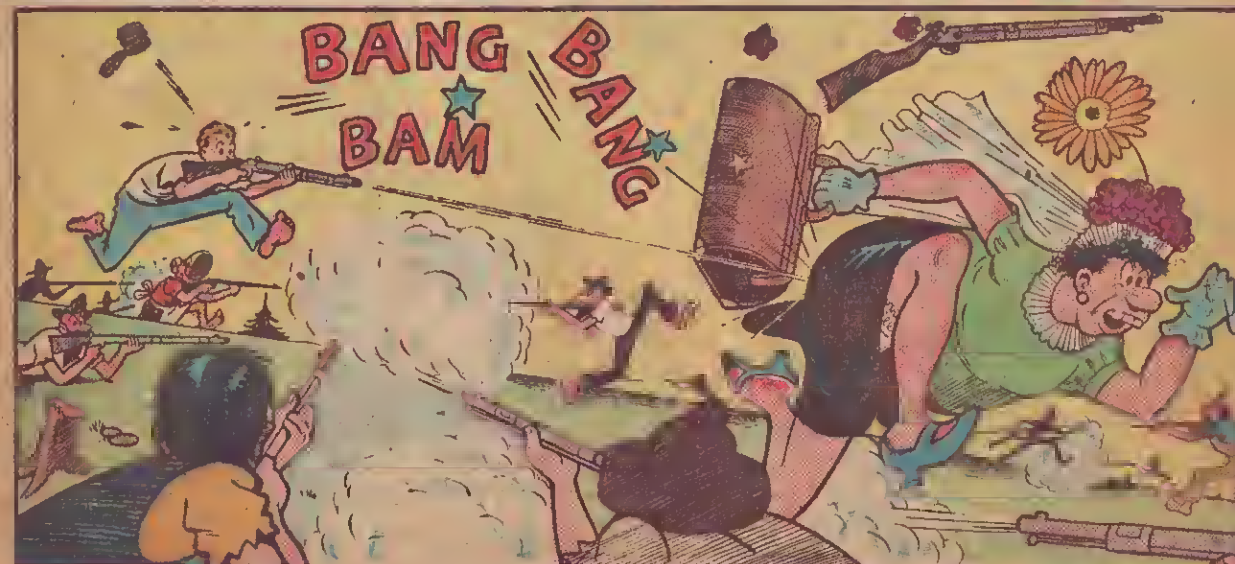
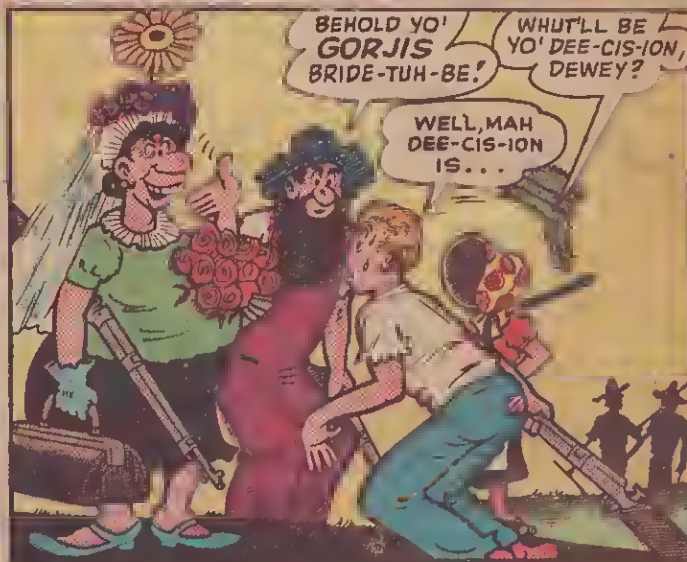
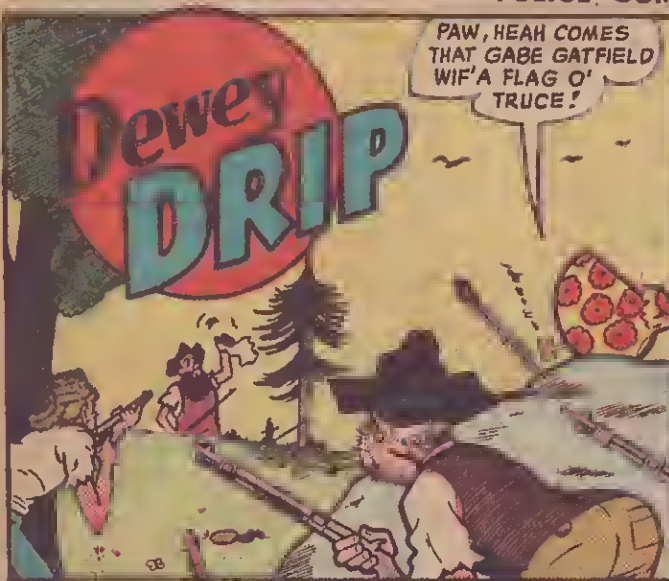
IF YOU DON'T MIND, I'D  
RATHER NOT GET STUCK  
WITH THAT!

GULP! IT TALKS!  
M-MAYBE IT'S DEVIL'S  
F-FOOD CAKE!















# HONEYBUN

THAT MAN  
MOTHER-IN-LAW  
HIRED TO DO THIS JOB  
WILL CHARGE TOO  
MUCH! IT'LL BE A  
SURPRISE WHEN  
SHE FINDS OUT  
I'M DOING IT!

I'M SO  
GLAD I INSISTED  
UPON HIRING A  
PROFESSIONAL PIANO  
MOVER TO BRING THAT  
DRESSER DOWN FROM  
THE ATTIC! I WOULDN'T  
FEEL SAFE IF  
HONEYBUN  
TRIED IT!

SURE YOU GIRLS  
DON'T WANT ME  
TO GIVE YOU A  
LIFT TO THE  
BRIDGE  
PARTY?

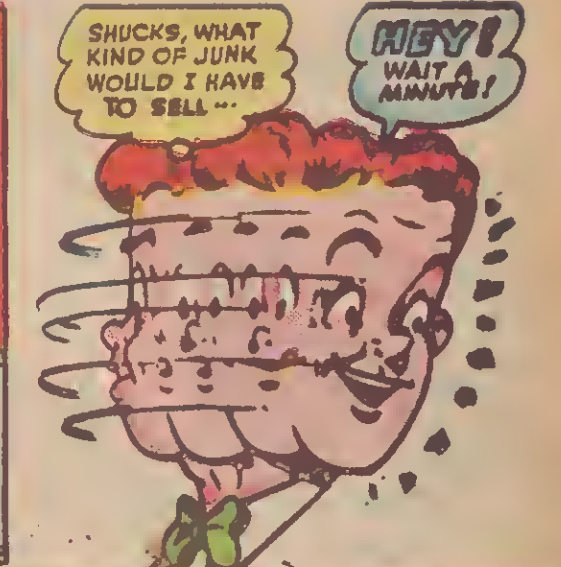
NO THANKS,  
HONEY-  
BUN! WE  
WANT TO GET  
THERE IN ONE  
PIECE!

NOW YOU  
JUST STAY  
HOME AND  
READ THAT  
BOOK I  
BOUGHT FOR  
YOU, DEAR!

I DON'T KNOW  
WHY I CAN'T GAIN  
MOTHER-IN-LAW'S  
CONFIDENCE :ULP:  
THERE GOES THE  
DOORBELL ... JUST  
AS I'M GETTING  
COMFORTABLE!

BR-RING!





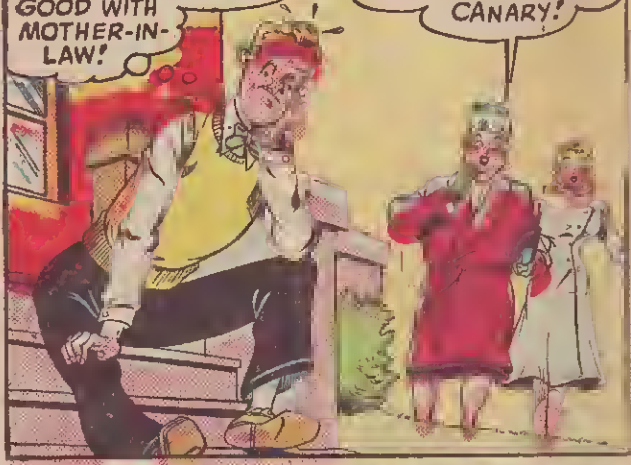


...18, 19, 20! THAT'S A LOTTA DOUGH TO CHARGE TO MOVE THAT OLD PIECE OF JUNK!



WHEW! 18 BUCKS IN THE RED! BUT IT WAS TOO GOOD A CHANCE TO MISS! NOW I'LL BE IN GOOD WITH MOTHER-IN-LAW!

WHAT'S HONEYBUN BEEN UP TO NOW? HE LOOKS LIKE THE CAT WHO JUST ATE THE CANARY!



HI, GIRLS! HAVE A GOOD TIME? GUESS WHAT I JUST...

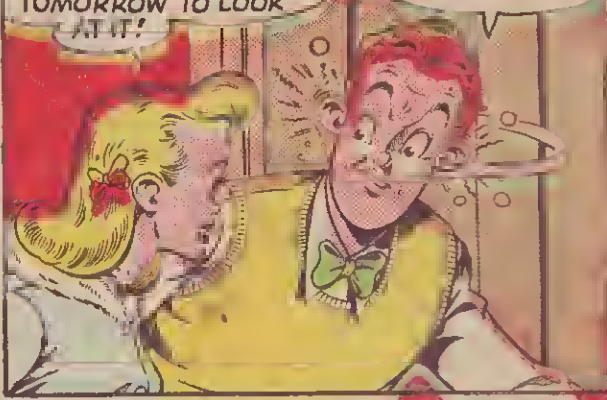
I'LL RUSTLE UP A SNACK FOR DINNER! MIGGS, YOU TELL HONEYBUN THE GOOD NEWS!

HONEYBUN, THE MOST WONDERFUL THING HAS HAPPENED!

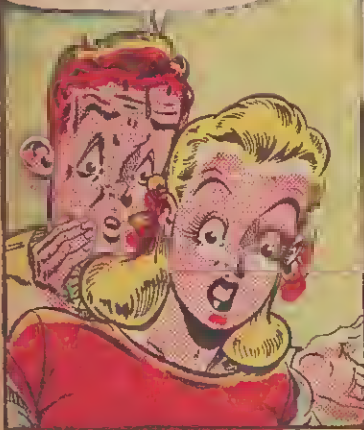


...MR. WIGGS, THE ANTIQUE DEALER, WAS AT THE BRIDGE CLUB. HE SAYS THAT OLD DRESSER MOTHER HAS UP IN THE ATTIC IS A GENUINE ANTIQUE AND MAY BE WORTH HUNDREDS! HE'LL BE COMING HERE TOMORROW TO LOOK AT IT!

GULP! H-HUNDREDS? OH, BROTHER!



MIGGS...THERE'S SOMETHING I MUST TELL YOU... I JUST SOLD THAT DRESSER TO A JUNK-MAN FOR \$2.00!



OH, HONEYBUN, YOU'VE DONE IT AGAIN! YOU'VE JUST GOT TO GET IT BACK SOMEHOW!



HONEYBUN, WHERE ARE YOU GOING? I WANT YOU TO HELP ME BRING THAT DRESSER DOWN!

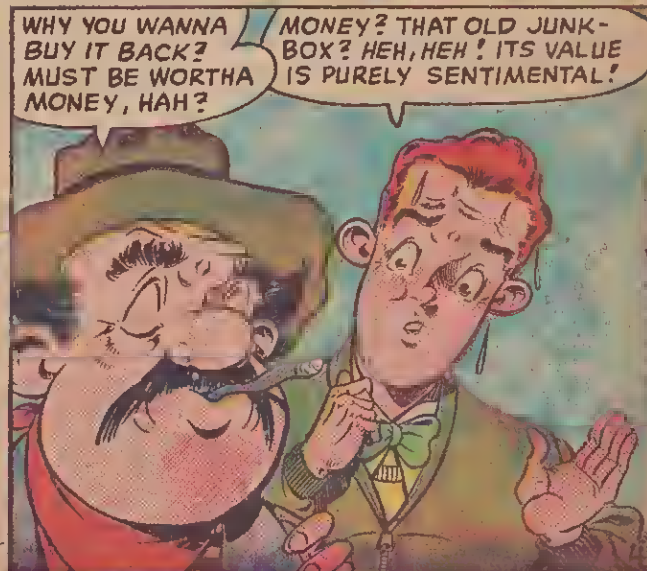
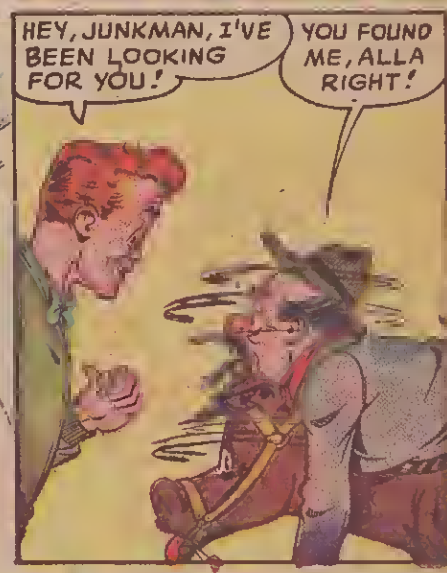
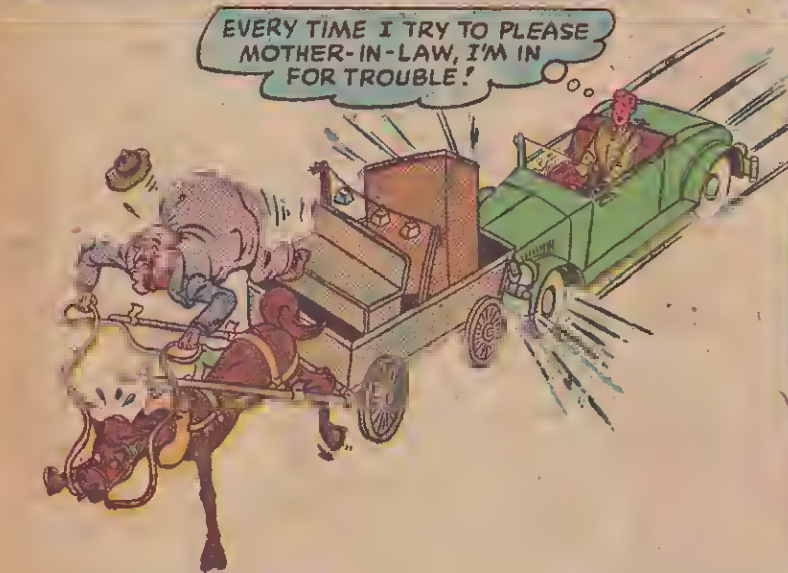
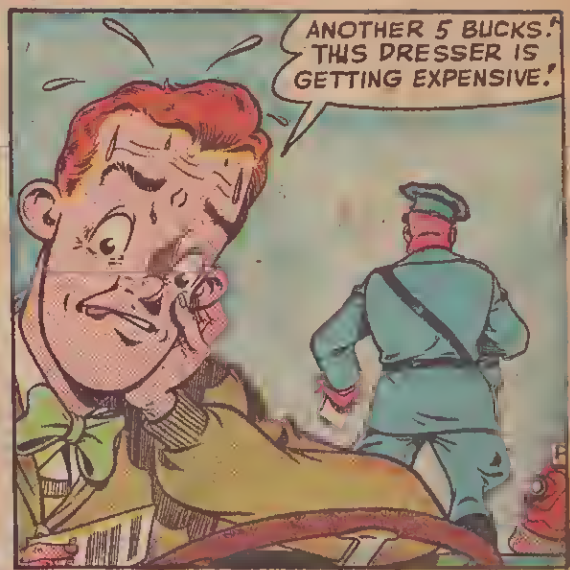
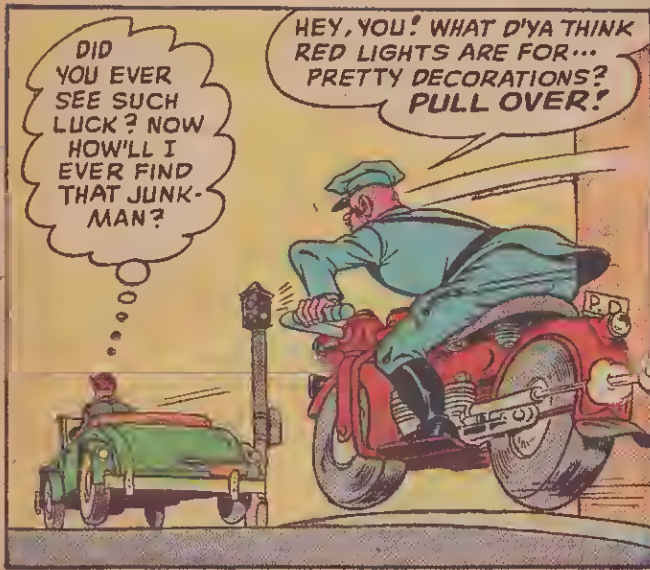


HONEYBUN HAS AN URGENT ERRAND, MOTHER! BUT HE'LL GET THE DRESSER FOR YOU... WON'T YOU DEAR?

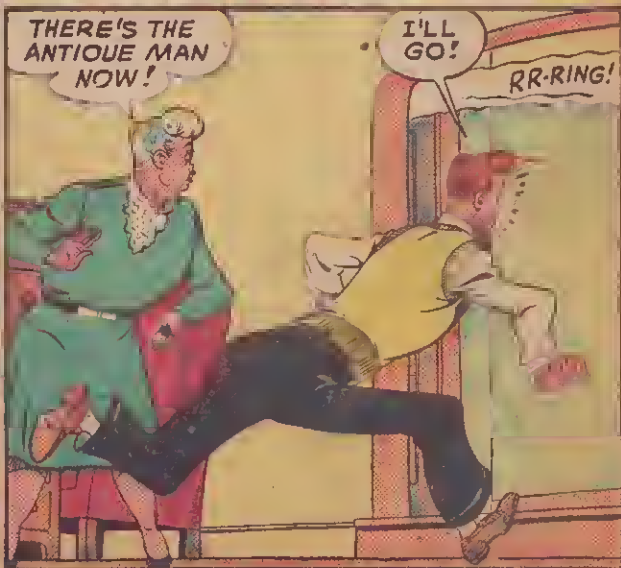
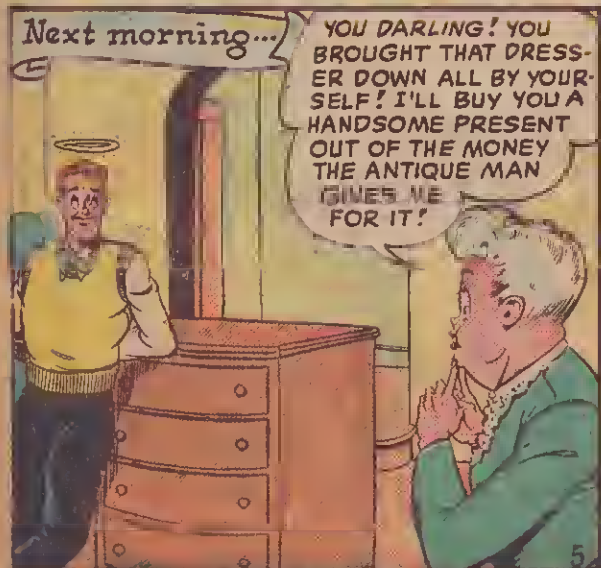
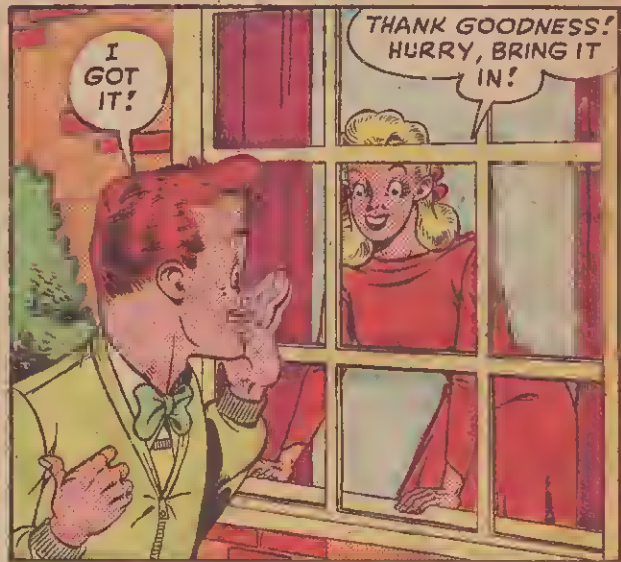
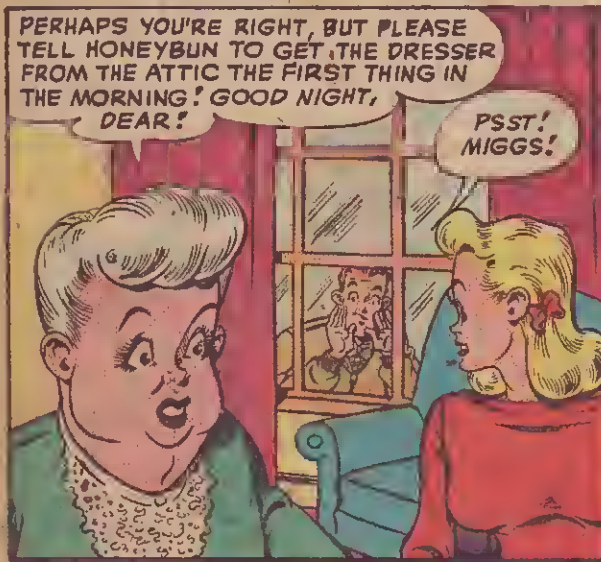
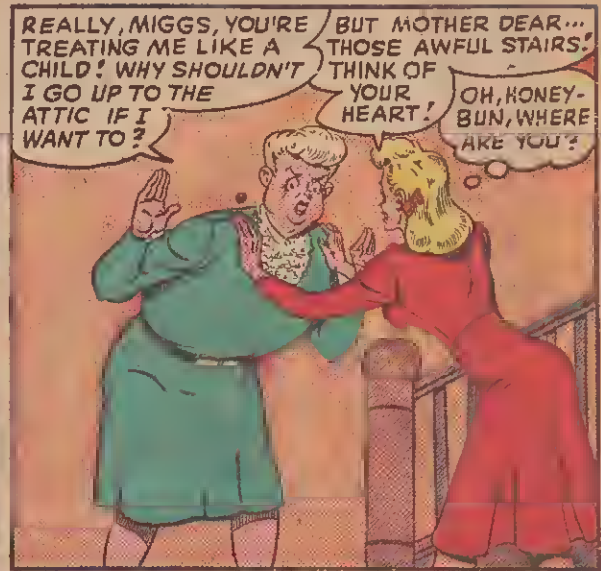
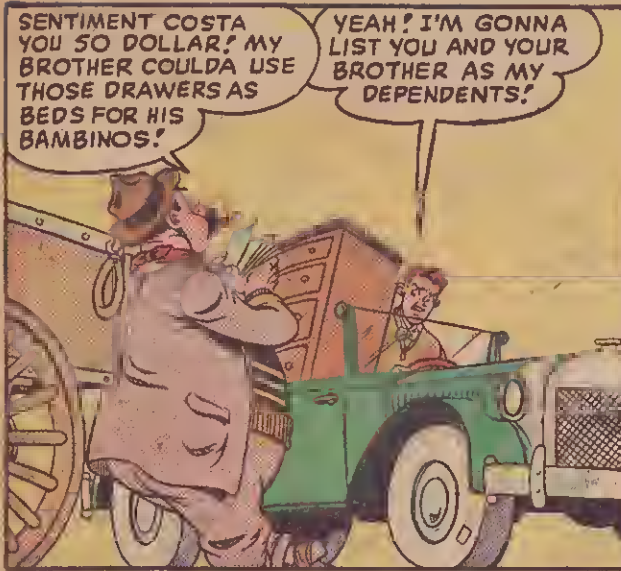
UH...SURE...MIGGS...SURE!



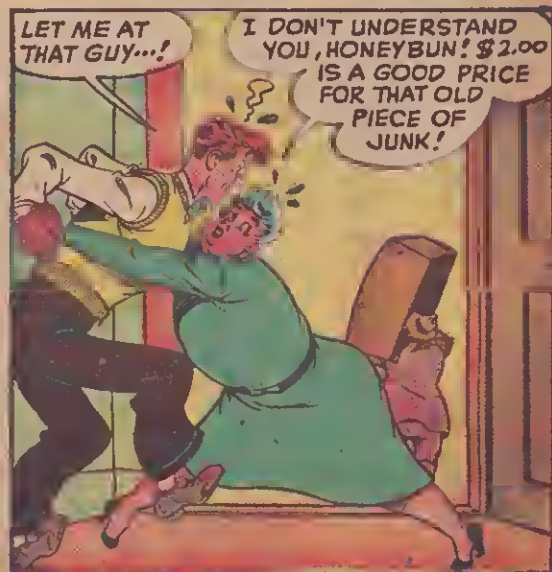
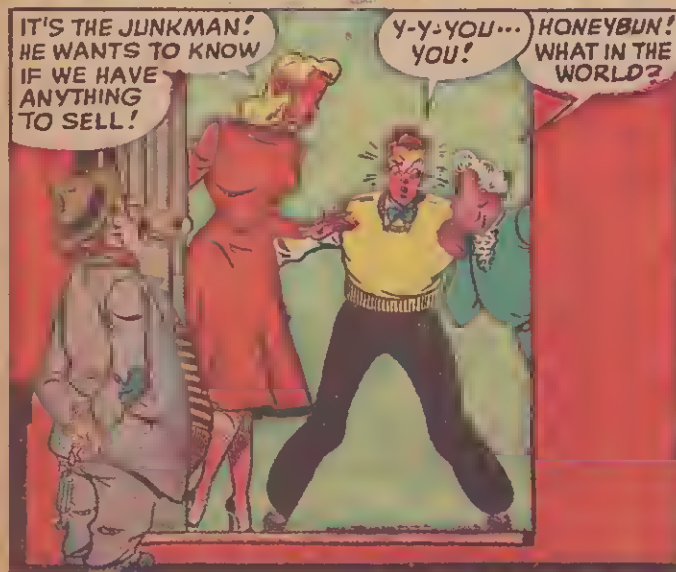
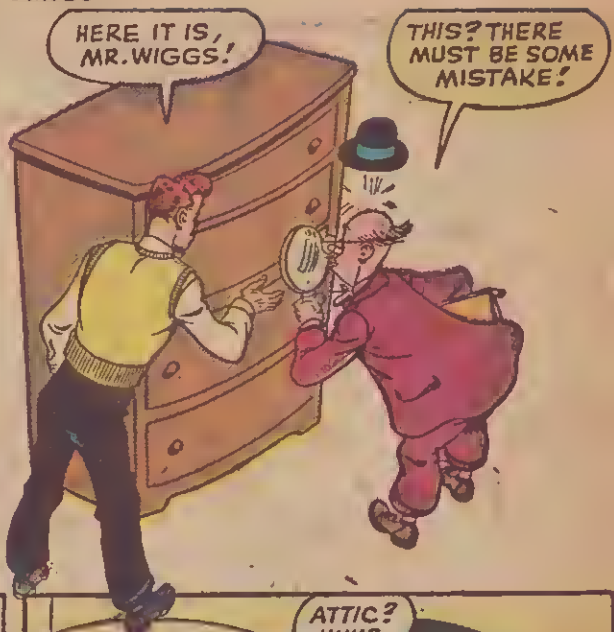
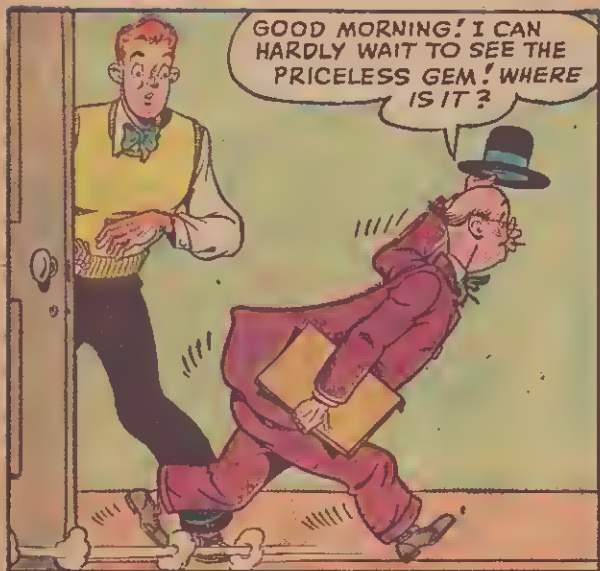














# CANDY

MMMM—  
WONDER IF I  
COULD BREAK  
PAR WITH  
THAT?

YOU'D MAR  
A BEAUTIFUL  
FRIENDSHIP  
IF YOU TRIED!

*Sam*

I CAN'T IMAGINE WHERE  
TED AND CUTHBERT  
CAN BE, TRISH!

CUTHBERT'S NEVER LATE  
FOR OUR DAILY DATE AT  
THE SWEET SHOPPE,  
CANDY! SOMETHING  
MUST BE  
DOING!

HI, DREAM GIRLS!  
CAN WE TOTE YOU  
TO TOWN?

SINCE WE **HAVE** A  
DATE, TED DAWSON, I  
THINK IT'S AWFULLY  
NICE OF YOU TO  
SHOW UP!

SQUEEE!





AW, DON'T GLOOM, CANDY! CUTHBERT AND I WERE SORT OF DELAYED GETTING OUR CLUBS TOGETHER!

YES, I NOTICED THE GOLF BAGS IN THE BACK OF THE CAR!



WELL, YOU SEE, TRISH...

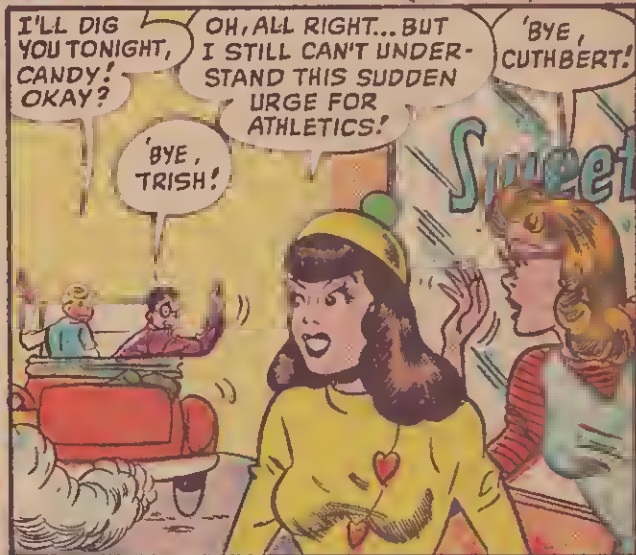
HE MEANS WOULD YOU CHICKS MIND IF WE SORT OF DUCKED OUR DATE TODAY? WE WANNA WHIRL AROUND THE GOLF COURSE!



GEE, WEEPERS! WHY THE SUDDEN INTEREST IN GOLF?

HEH, HEH, WELL... EXERCISE, YA KNOW! WE'RE THE ATHLETIC TYPE, AREN'T WE, CUTHBERT?

HUH? OH YEAH, SURE!



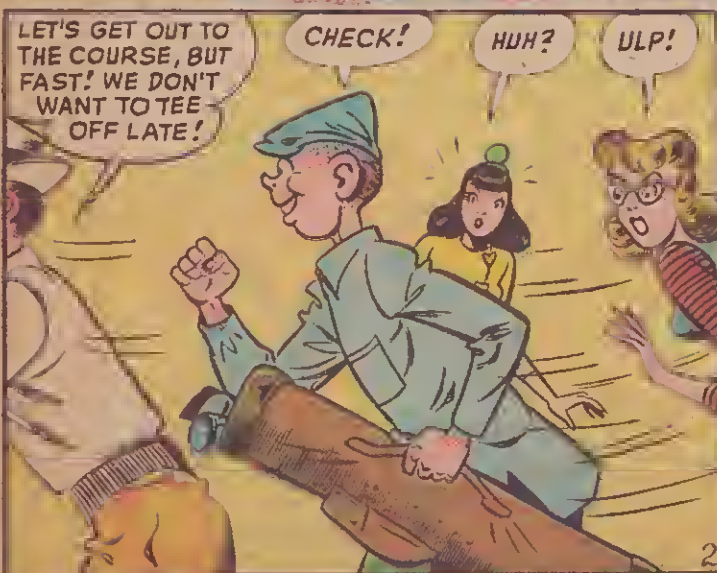
I'LL DIG YOU TONIGHT, CANDY! OKAY?

OH, ALL RIGHT... BUT I STILL CAN'T UNDERSTAND THIS SUDDEN URGE FOR ATHLETICS!

'BYE, CUTHBERT!

'BYE, TRISH!

Sweet

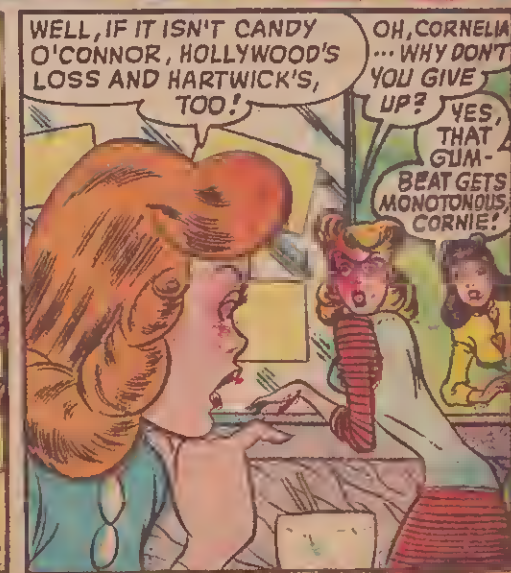


LET'S GET OUT TO THE COURSE, BUT FAST! WE DON'T WANT TO TEE OFF LATE!

CHECK!

HUH?

ULP!

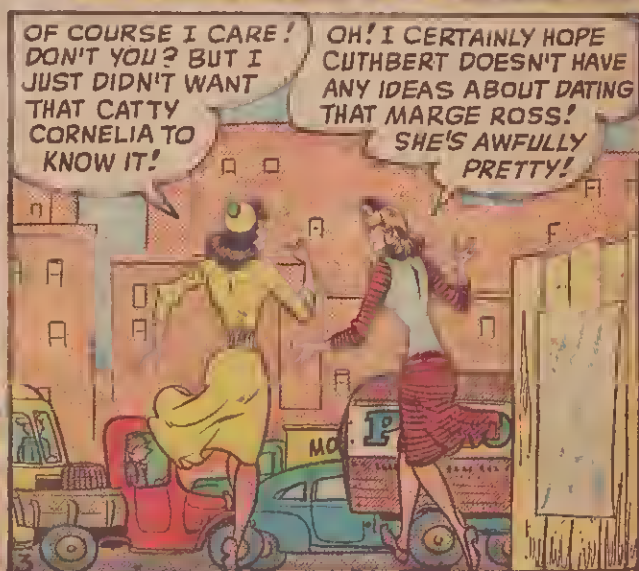
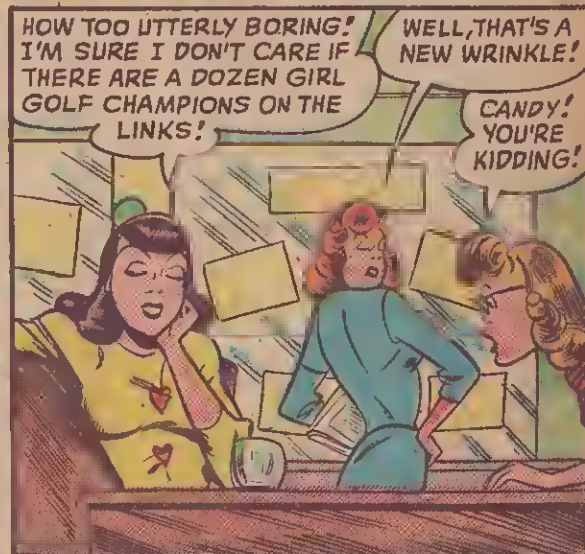
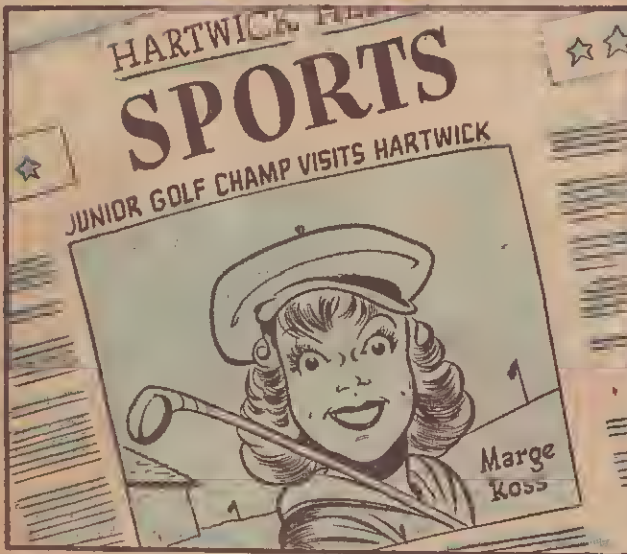
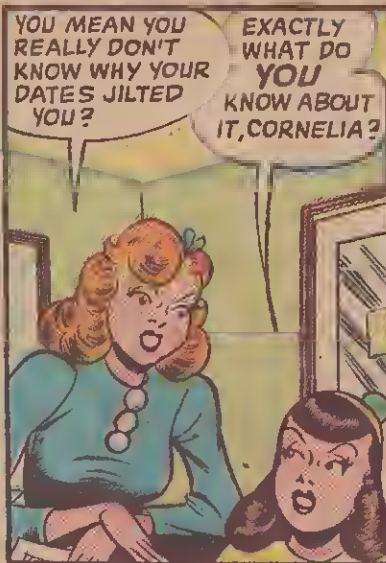


WELL, IF IT ISN'T CANDY O'CONNOR, HOLLYWOOD'S LOSS AND HARTWICK'S, TOO!

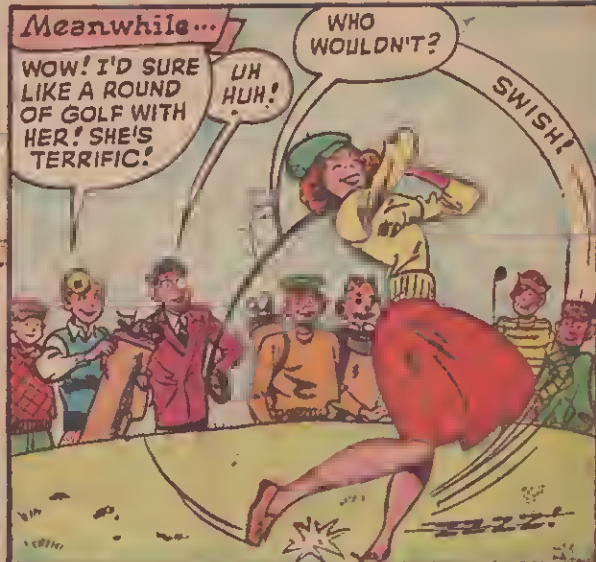
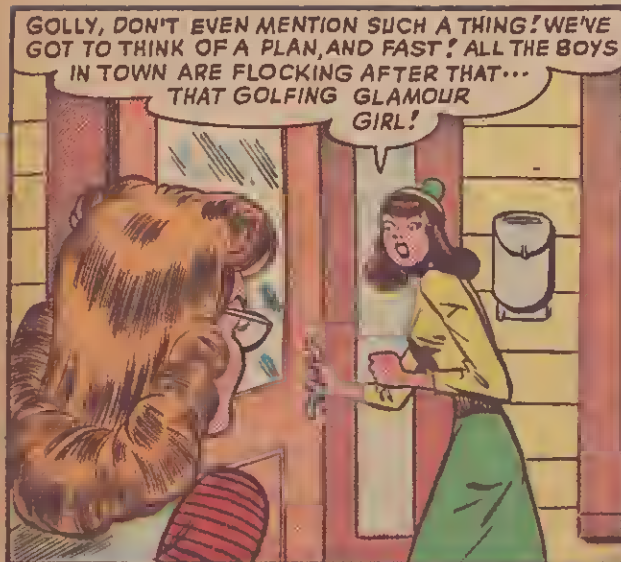
OH, CORNELIA... WHY DON'T YOU GIVE UP?

YES, THAT GUM-BEAT GETS MONOTONOUS, CORNIE!





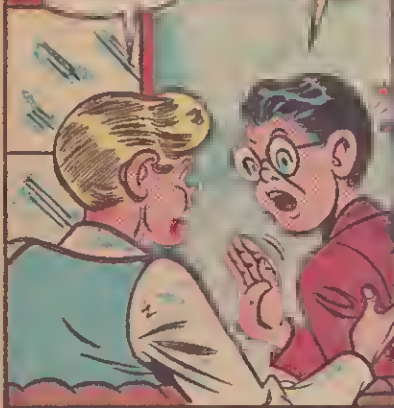






I'M SORRY YOU CAN'T MAKE IT, OLD MAN, BUT I WON'T MIND TAKING MARGE AROUND THE COURSE ALONE!

I'LL JUST BET YOU WON'T!



That evening...

WELL, I HOPE YOU'RE NOT BORED AFTER YOUR SIMPLE DEVASTATING AFTERNOON WITH MARGE ROSS!

YAWN! HUH, HOW DID YOU... ER... SHE'S QUITE A GOLFER!



I'M SURE SHE IS!

BY THE WAY, CANDY, I HAVE A DATE TO PLAY GOLF WITH MISS ROSS TOMORROW AFTERNOON AND...



GEE WHIZ! WE'RE JUST GONNA PLAY GOLF TOGETHER, AND SINCE YOU CAN'T PLAY, I THOUGHT...

THE FACT THAT I DIDN'T PLAY GOLF NEVER CAME UP BEFORE MARGE ROSS CAME TO TOWN, TED DAWSON! I'LL THANK YOU TO LEAVE, RIGHT NOW!



MOM, DAD... I SIMPLY CAN'T STAND THAT BOY, ANY LONGER!

CANDACE! WHATEVER IS THE MATTER?

GULP!



...AND SO HE HAS A DATE WITH HER TOMORROW!

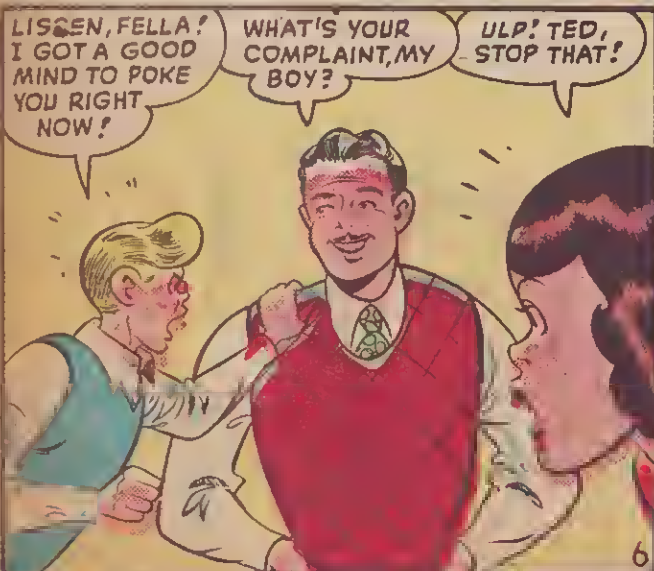
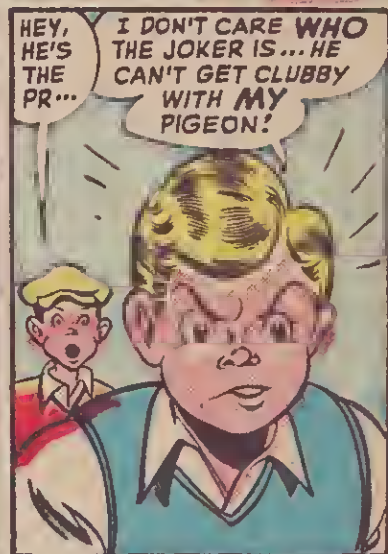
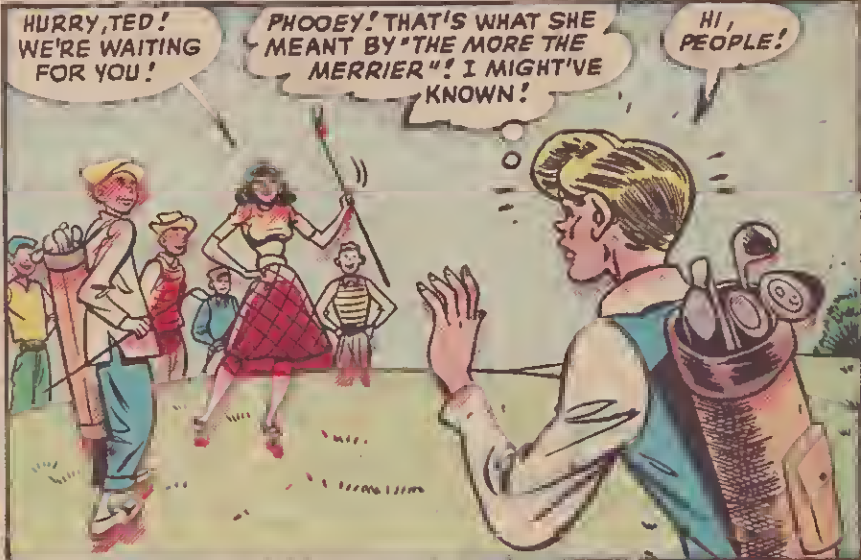
THE ANSWER IS SIMPLE, CANDY! JUST LEARN TO PLAY GOLF! THE PRO AT THE COURSE IS A FRIEND OF MINE AND...



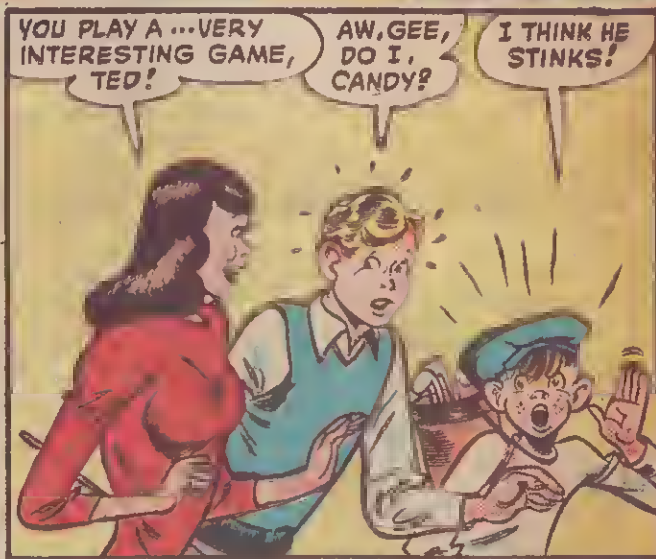
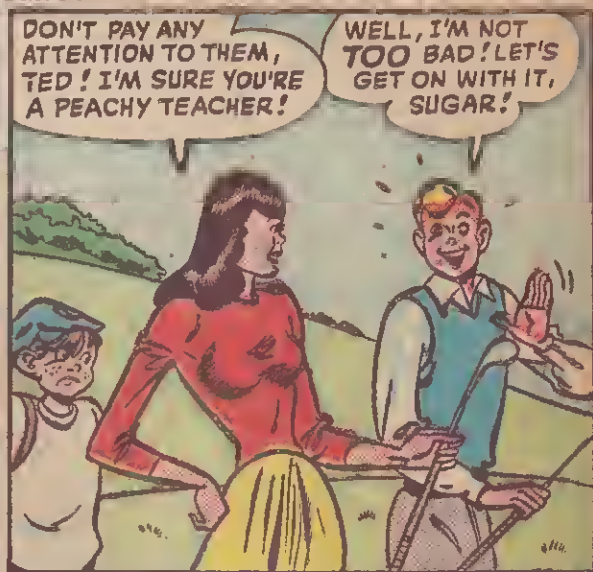
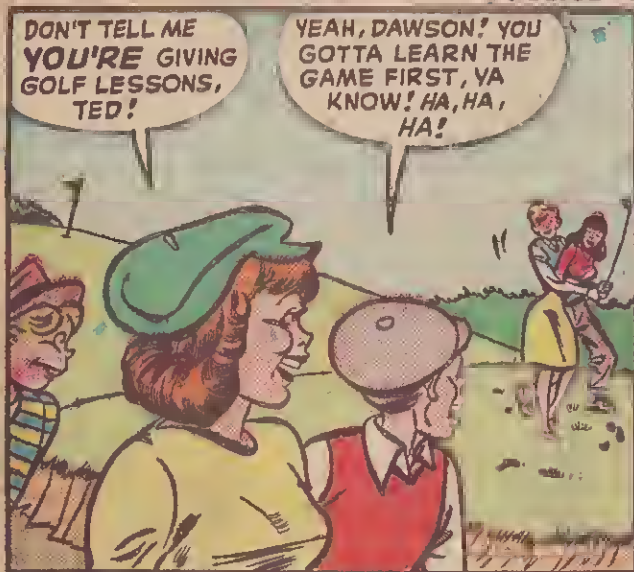
BUT I'LL NEVER BE AS GOOD A GOLFER AS MARGE ROSS!

THAT'S THE IDEA! JUST MAKE SURE YOU DON'T LEARN THE GAME WELL ENOUGH TO BEAT TED!









# THE SPIRIT

PSST! -- WANNA HAVE A LI'L  
ADVENTURE AND SEE SOME FAST  
ACTION? JEST FOLLA ME -- AH'M  
GOIN' DOWN TO SEE THE  
**SPIRIT!**

by  
*Will Eisner*

In the *SPIRIT*'S strange cozy home, deep  
under a tomb in Wildwood Cemetery...

BACK  
FROM THE  
POSTOFFICE,  
EBONY?

YASSUH ...PACKAGE  
FO' YOU, COME TO  
GON' DELIV'RY --  
LIKEWISE DIS  
LETTAH!

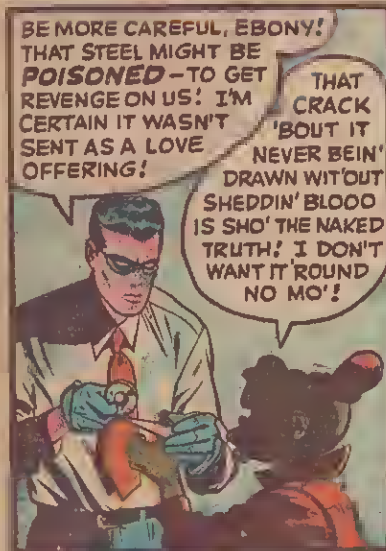
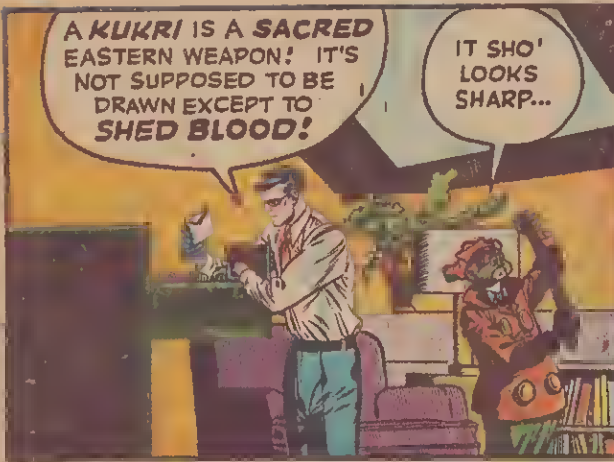


IT'S ABOUT THE DEATH OF  
RAM GUNGA, THAT ORIENTAL  
CROOK WE HELPED TRAP!  
HE DIED OF PNEUMONIA,  
WAITING FOR TRIAL -- TOLD  
THE POLICE TO SEND  
ME HIS **KUKRI** ...

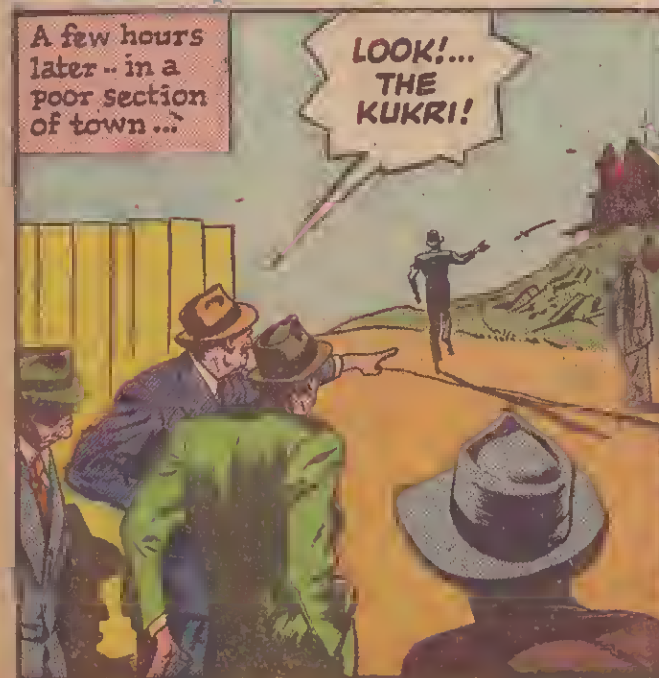
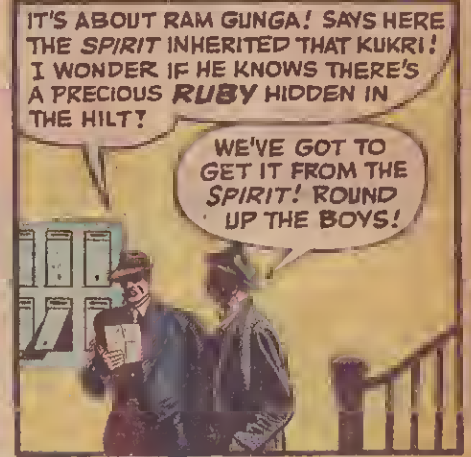
AND  
THIS MUST  
BE IT!







Perhaps there was a **REAL WISH** TO CAUSE TROUBLE in Ram Gunga's strange bequest .....







YOU MEAN THIS  
GOOD-LUCK PIECE OF MINE?  
I CARRY IT WITH ME!...  
COME ON, WE'VE GOT  
SOME SUCKERS TO  
LINE UP!

And so, throughout Central City...

THE OTHER TOWN BAKERS ARE FALLING  
IN LINE, BUB! PAY PLENTY AND WE KEEP  
YOUR PIE BUSINESS GOING WITHOUT A  
HITCH! BUT IF YOU DON'T JOIN OUR  
ASSOCIATION, YOU'RE LIABLE TO GET  
THE CUSTARD SQUEEZED  
OUT OF YOU!

IF I  
GOTTA, I  
GOTTA!



Not only WEARY is interested in pie....

AH SHO'LIKES PIE! THINK  
I'LL TAKE ONE HOME FO'  
ME AN' MIST' SPIRIT  
BOSS!



SEEMS LAK YO'S  
CHARGIN' ME MO' THAN  
THE CEILIN' PRICE,  
MISTAH!

I GOTTA, SON!  
NEED THE MONEY  
TO KICK BACK TO  
THE ASSOCIATION!



'SOCIATION? THAT'S  
GOT A SORTA FAMILIAR  
SOUN'! WAIT'LL AH  
TELL MIST' SPIRIT  
BOSS!



YOU'RE RIGHT, EBONY! THE OLD  
PROTECTION RACKET--EXTORTING  
MONEY FROM BUSINESS MEN--  
USUALLY HIDES UNDER THE NAME  
'ASSOCIATION.' LET'S GO INTO  
BUSINESS OURSELVES!

THE PIE  
BIZNESS?  
AH'D LIKE  
THAT!



Next day...

ANOTHER OUTFIT  
THAT'LL KICK BACK  
TO US! I'LL GO  
LINE 'EM UP!



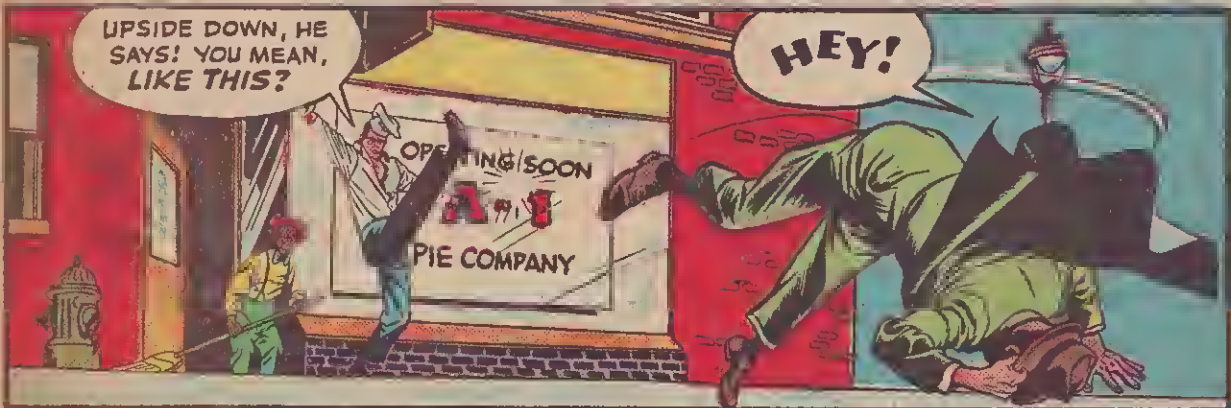
BUT-- THIS PLACE  
IS NOT OPEN FO'  
BIZNESS YET!--

YOU WON'T OPEN  
UNLESS YOU JOIN  
OUR ASSOCIATION,  
RUNT! DIG OUT THE  
DOUGH, OR WE'LL  
TURN THIS JOINT  
UPSIDE DOWN!



UPSIDE DOWN, HE  
SAYS! YOU MEAN,  
LIKE THIS?

HEY!



YOU'D BETTER  
JOIN **OUR**  
OUTFIT! THIS  
IS THE  
INITIATION!

WAIT UNTIL I  
TELL WEARY!  
WAIT -- JUST  
WAIT....



THEY REFUSED, DID  
THEY? WELL, WE  
**NEED** A HORRIBLE  
EXAMPLE! WE'LL  
WIPE 'EM OUT  
TONIGHT!

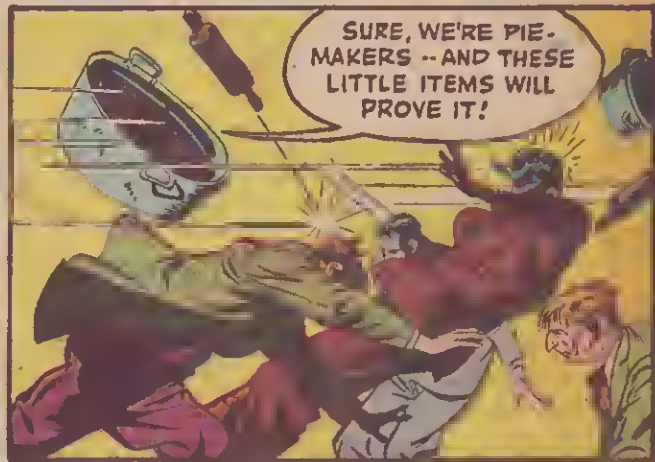
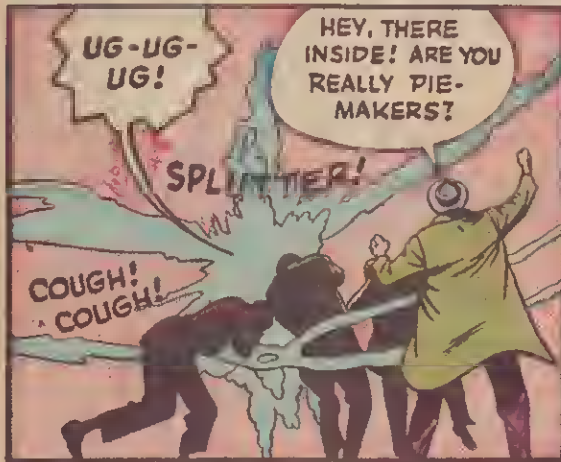


OW!

HOW MANY TIMES  
I GOTTA TELL YOU  
NOT TO FOOL WITH  
MY LUCKY KNIFE?  
LET'S GET ORGANIZED  
FOR TONIGHT!







THERE'LL BE  
BLOODSHED,  
ALL RIGHT!

BUT  
NOT MINE,  
PLEASE!



YOUR FOOTWORK'S  
BAD! STEP IN WITH  
THE JAB -- LIKE  
THIS!



THIS TIME --  
FOR KEEPS!



I TOLD  
YOU THERE'D  
BE BLOOD  
SPILLED!

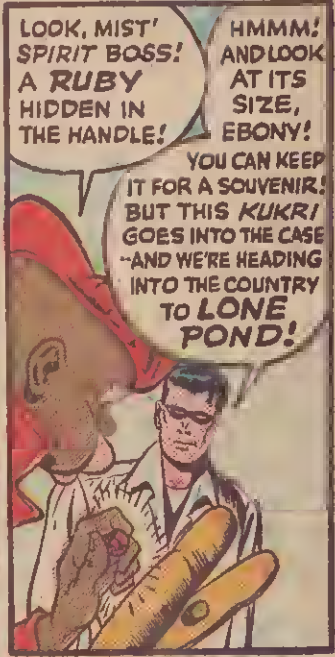
THERE'S THE  
BOSS OF THE  
BUNCH! GRAB  
HIM, TOO!



LOOK, MIST'  
SPIRIT BOSS!  
A RUBY  
HIDDEN IN  
THE HANDLE!

HMMM!  
AND LOOK  
AT ITS  
SIZE,  
EBONY!

YOU CAN KEEP  
IT FOR A SOUVENIR!  
BUT THIS KUKRI  
GOES INTO THE CASE  
--AND WE'RE HEADING  
INTO THE COUNTRY  
TO LONE  
POND!

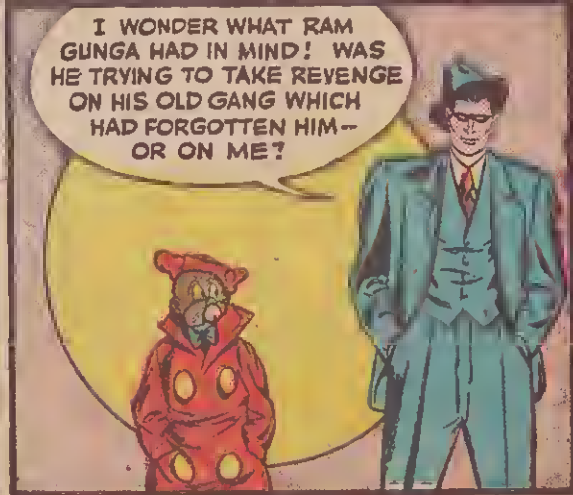


WON'T YO' EVER  
DREDGE THAT TOAD.  
STICKER OUT  
AGIN?

NOT UNLESS I  
WANT MORE OF THE  
SAME SORT OF  
TROUBLE!



I WONDER WHAT RAM  
GUNGA HAD IN MIND! WAS  
HE TRYING TO TAKE REVENGE  
ON HIS OLD GANG WHICH  
HAD FORGOTTEN HIM --  
OR ON ME?







# WOOZY'S SECRET WEAPON

"... the prettiest big blue eyes and yellow curls—and can she cook!"

"Okay," Plastic Man muttered. "How much does it cost?"

"Plas!" Woozy yelled indignantly. "I don't think you heard a word I was sayin'."

Plastic Man shook himself mentally and woke up. "Sorry, Woozy. I thought you were describing a new car you wanted to buy."

"New car!" Woozy snorted. "Why, Plas, I was tellin' ya about this new tenant who's moved into that vacant apartment. They're newlyweds, she and her husband. She's learnin' to cook—and when she bakes pies and cakes and things for him, she gives me some."

"I'm sorry, Woozy," Plastic Man repeated, "but my mind was on this new case. If you'll wait till I've got it figured out, I'll pay all the attention you want to your nice young couple."

"Guess I know when I'm not wanted," Woozy sulked. "I'll just go take a walk. Anyway"—he sniffed the air—"smells like she's been baking something good again."

After Woozy left the room, Plastic Man settled back in his chair to think. He had just returned from a conference with Mortimer Mixon, the millionaire. Several weeks ago Mr. Mixon's daughter, Mary, had walked out of the house one morning and had vanished. The police had been searching for her ever since, without turning up a single clue concerning her whereabouts. They were inclined to think that Mary Mixon had left of her own volition—but only yesterday Mr. Mixon had received a ransom note demanding \$100,000 for her return. At the suggestion of the police, Plastic Man had been consulted.

"We still don't know anything definite," the police chief had explained to Plas. "This

ransom note may be a fake—some thug who's read about the case and hopes to cash in on some easy money."

Now Plas was going over the facts as he had heard them. The trouble was, there weren't many facts. The crux of the matter, as Plas saw it, was Mixon himself. He insisted that his daughter had been completely happy at home and had no possible reason for leaving. If he were telling the truth there was reason to suspect that Mary Mixon had met with foul play. But Plas had a feeling that perhaps the man was not telling the whole truth.

The phone rang and Plastic Man reached his arm across the room to lift the receiver.

"Plastic Man!"

Plas recognized the excited voice as that of millionaire Mixon.

"There's a suspicious-looking man hiding in the shrubbery around my house!" the voice continued. "He's been there for some time. Do you think it's one of the kidnappers?"

"Just hold everything," Plas directed. "Don't let him know you've seen him—and I'll be right over."

After a quick trip, Plastic Man approached the Mixon mansion under cover. Blending himself among the branches of a tall bush, he stretched his neck into the air and looked the situation over. At first he could see or hear nothing. Then he saw a furtive figure running away down the driveway.

Plas could have stretched his legs into strides long enough to overtake the intruder, but he decided the smart thing was to keep out of sight and follow the man. Perhaps he would lead Plas to the hideout where Mary Mixon was held prisoner.

At a corner, the fleeing man leaped on a bus just as the vehicle pulled away. For a mo-

ment it looked as if Plastic Man might lose him—but Plas simply stretched his long arms down the street after the bus until he caught the back railing, whereupon he contracted his arms again and pulled himself aboard.

When the man left the bus in the center of town, Plas followed. They approached a tall apartment building, and Plas stared around in surprise. The neighborhood looked strangely familiar. In fact, the man he was trailing was entering Plastic Man's own building! Was it possible that the gang had been hiding Mary Mixon right under the nose of Plastic Man?

The man went inside and Plas, remaining outside but stretching his neck up over the doorway, was able to keep out of sight and still see to which apartment the man went. Then Plas followed, moving silently along the hall. Reaching a doorway, on the right, Plas noticed the door was standing slightly ajar. He could see nothing inside the room because it was dark. Was this a trap? Plas smiled to himself. He had confidence in his own unique ability to survive any traps yet devised. He had done it before.

Pushing open the door, he slipped into the dark room.

"Swoosh!" A soft, pliable mass seemed to envelop Plastic Man, bearing him to the ground with its weight. He struggled—but when he tried to stretch his usually extensible limbs, they only buried themselves deeper in this strange substance. What was it? A new material developed in some mad scientist's laboratory? A secret weapon devised especially to trap Plastic Man?

Plas stopped struggling. There was more than one way to play this game, and he would play it smart. Suddenly a voice spoke above his head.

"Got him! Turn on the lights!"

Plastic Man blinked his eyes in the sudden glare—and then he blinked them again. There on top of him sat the balloon-like shape of Woozy Winks!

"Plas!" Woozy gasped, his mouth dropping open with shock. "Plas!"

"Okay, Woozy," Plas muttered sarcastically, "start explaining!"

Puffing, Woozy scrambled to his feet. Plastic Man also stood up, flexing his rubber-like limbs. Looking swiftly around the room, Plas saw two other people: a lovely young girl with big blue eyes and yellow curls, who resembled the photos he had seen of Mary Mixon . . . and a handsome young fellow holding her hand, the man Plas had followed!

"And it better be good!" Plas continued grimly. Then as he watched Woozy's flabbergasted face, his mouth opening and shutting soundlessly, his own mouth twitched and broke into a grin. "What have we been doing, Woozy . . . setting traps for each other? Is this, by any chance, the young lady you were trying to tell me about?"

"That's right!" Woozy gasped. "After you left this afternoon, she told me the whole story. Seems she ran away from her father—who's a rich big shot who wouldn't let her marry the guy she picked!"

"He was so stubborn!" the girl broke in. "He wouldn't even meet Jerry or find out about him—just made up his mind he was no good. So, I ran away and married him anyway!"

"And everything was fine," the young man added, "until we read in the papers that Mr. Mixon was about to pay a ransom to a bunch of crooks. We didn't want him swindled, so I was hanging around his place to try to keep the crooks away."

"And I followed you here . . ." Plas said.

"Yeah—and we thought you was one of the crooks, so I jumped ya!" Woozy explained apologetically.

"Well, I guess that takes care of everything—except notifying your father, Miss Mixon, that you're all right. I think you'll find him glad to see you *and* your husband And Woozy . . . Plastic Man turned to his self-styled helper . . . "the next time we need some fighting done, I'll let *you* take on my opponents! You'll weigh 'em down!"



# MANHUNTER

Man and beast meet deadly foes when a criminal's trail leads Manhunter and his faithful dog Thor, to the secluded swamp-land retreat of **MADDIN, the MASTIFF MAN!**



As Dan Richards, secretly Manhunter, walks a suburban beat...

GUNFIRE!

**BANG!  
BANG!**



WHAT'S...

THERE HE GOES, OFFICER! THAT MAN ROBBED MY STORE! I GRABBED MY GUN AND FIRED AT HIM AS HE RAN AWAY!



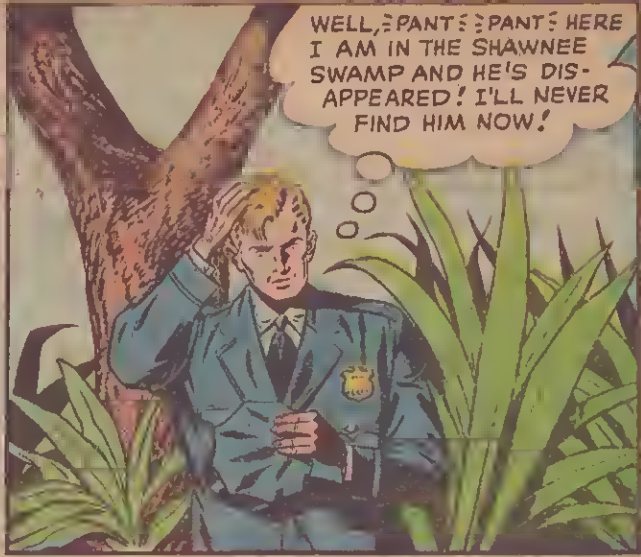
HALT, IN THE NAME OF THE LAW!



HE HASN'T SHAKEN ME,  
BUT HE'S CERTAINLY  
LEADING ME A MERRY  
CHASE!



WELL, PANT! PANT! HERE  
I AM IN THE SHAWNEE  
SWAMP AND HE'S DIS-  
APPEARED! I'LL NEVER  
FIND HIM NOW!



HEY, WHAT'S  
THIS?

WHAT YOU DOIN' ON MY  
PROPPITY? GIT GOIN',  
AFORE I SET MY DOGS  
ON YA!



I'M OFFICER RICHARDS!  
DID YOU SEE A MAN  
COME THIS WAY? HE  
WAS...

I DIDN' SEE NOBODY!  
AN' NQ CITY COP'S GOT  
ANY RIGHT HERE, 'CAUSE  
THIS IS OUT O' CITY  
LIMITS!



MY MASTIFFS AN' ME LIVE  
ALONE AND DON' BOTHER  
NOBODY! AN' IF ANYBODY  
COMES SNOOPIN' AROUND,  
MY DOGS'LL TEAR 'EM TO  
PIECES!



NOW  
GIT  
GOIN'!

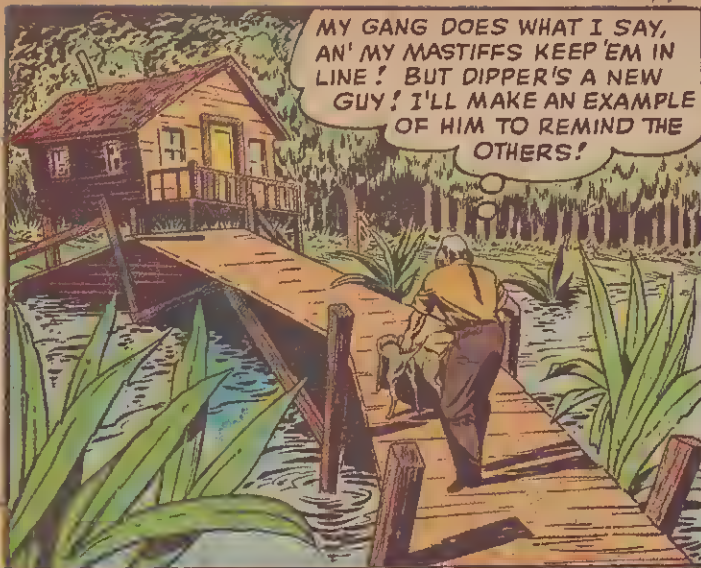
I'D BETTER GET OUT  
OF HERE BEFORE I  
LOSE MY TEMPER AND  
CRACK THIS CRACK-  
POT'S SKULL!



LEADIN' A COP HERE!  
I'LL SEE THAT DUMB  
DIPPER DEAD!







MY GANG DOES WHAT I SAY,  
AN' MY MASTIFFS KEEP 'EM IN  
LINE! BUT DIPPER'S A NEW  
GUY! I'LL MAKE AN EXAMPLE  
OF HIM TO REMIND THE  
OTHERS!



MADDIN,  
IS THE  
COP  
GONE?

YEAH, HE'S GONE! AN'  
YOU'RE GOIN', TOO!



BUT BOSS, I DID  
WHAT YOU SAID!  
LOOK...HERE'S THE  
GROCER'S DOUGH!  
BUT WHEN I RAN AWAY  
HE FIRED AT ME AND...

PAH! I GIVE YA A  
LITTLE JOB TO START  
WITH, AN' YA MUFF IT!



I AIN'T GOT ROOM FOR  
BUNGLERS HERE! AN' I TOL'  
YA NOT TO COME BACK UNTIL  
YOU'D SHOOK THE COPPERS!  
NOW, GIT!

SURE, SURE!  
BUT GIVE  
ME...



I GIVE NOTHIN'  
BUT ORDERS!  
GO **THAT**  
WAY!

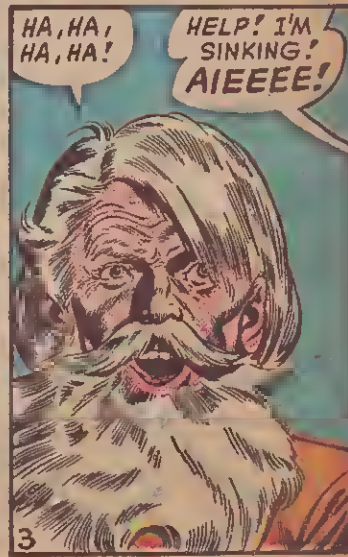
BUT MADDIN,  
THE SWAMP!  
IT'S...



TAKE YOUR CHOICE...  
QUICKSAND OR HUNGRY  
MASTIFFS! GO, BOYS...  
**KILL!**

**NO!**  
**NOT**  
**THE**  
**DOGS!**

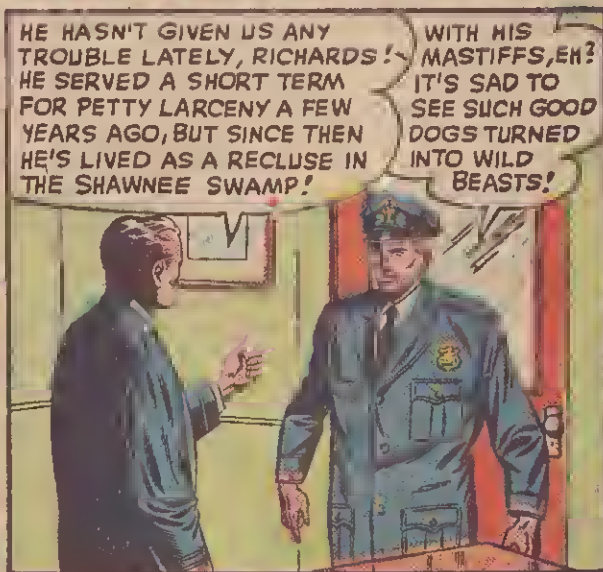
**GROWRR!**



HA, HA,  
HA, HA!

HELP! I'M  
SINKING!  
**AIEEEE!**







A supersonic whistle, audible only to the keen ears of a dog ...

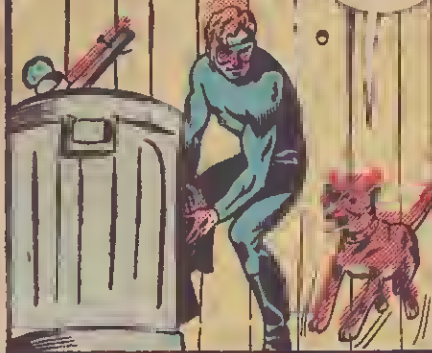
**TWEEET!**

**GRRR!**



GOOD DOG, THOR! I'LL HIDE MY COP'S UNIFORM HERE ... AND HOPE THAT THE TRASH COLLECTOR DOESN'T COME UNTIL MORNING!

**ARF!  
ARF!**

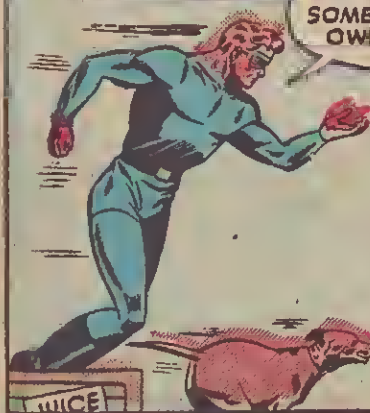


MANHUNTER SAYS DAN RICHARDS HASN'T FORGOTTEN HIS MEETING WITH MADDIN, THOR! MANY PEOPLE HAVE FEIGNED MADNESS TO HIDE THEIR EVIL WAYS!

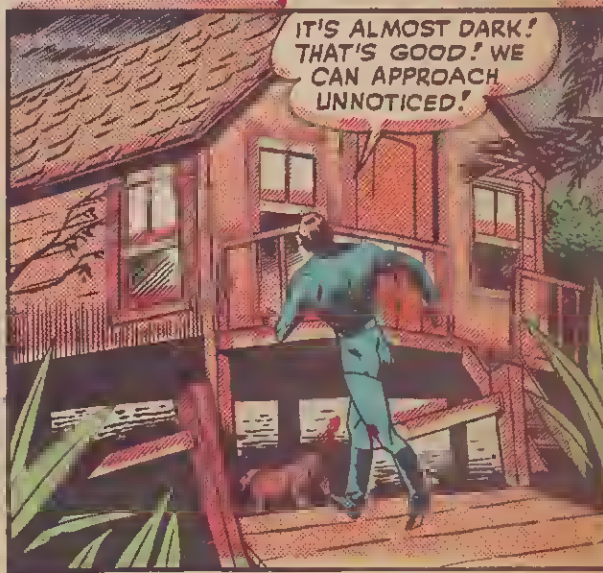
**WOOF!**



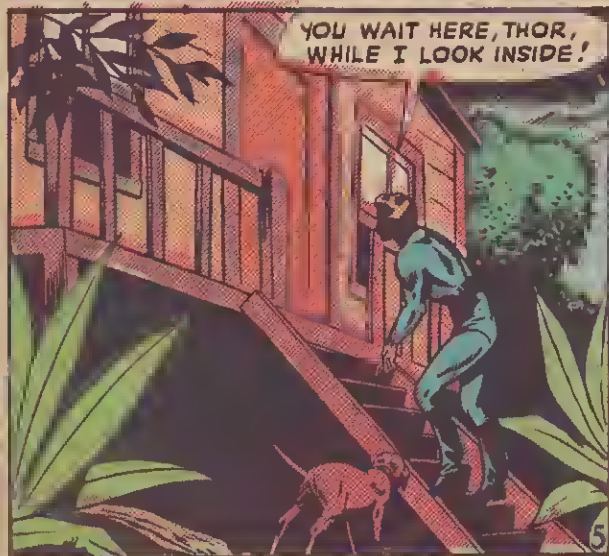
I'M GLAD YOU AGREE WITH ME, THOR! YOU AND I ARE GOING TO VISIT MISTER MAD MAN MADDIN, THE MASTIFF MAN! AND YOU MAY HAVE TO SETTLE THE ISSUE WITH SOME OF YOUR OWN KIND!



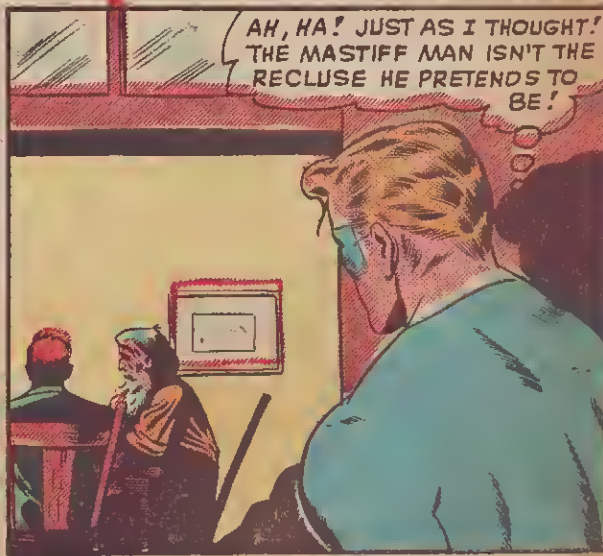
IT'S ALMOST DARK! THAT'S GOOD! WE CAN APPROACH UNNOTICED!

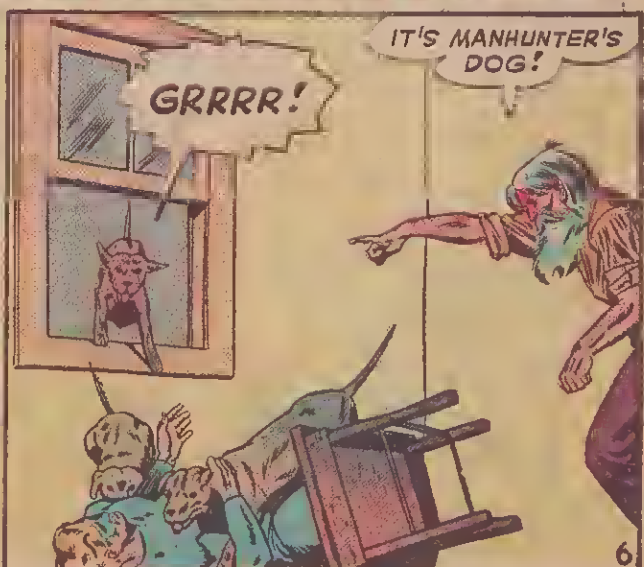
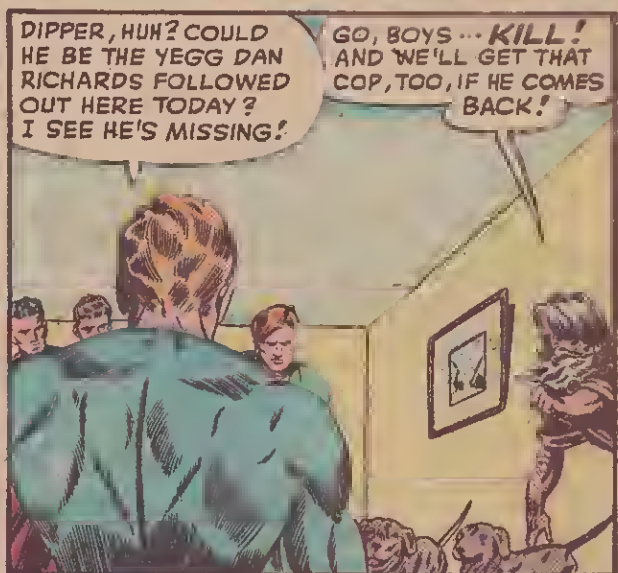
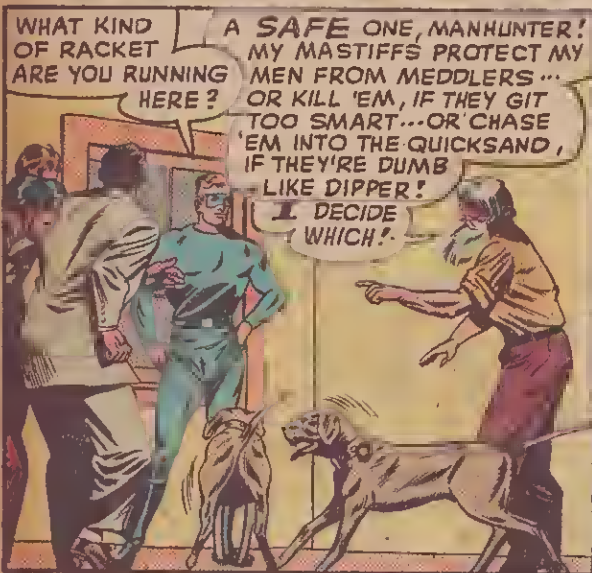
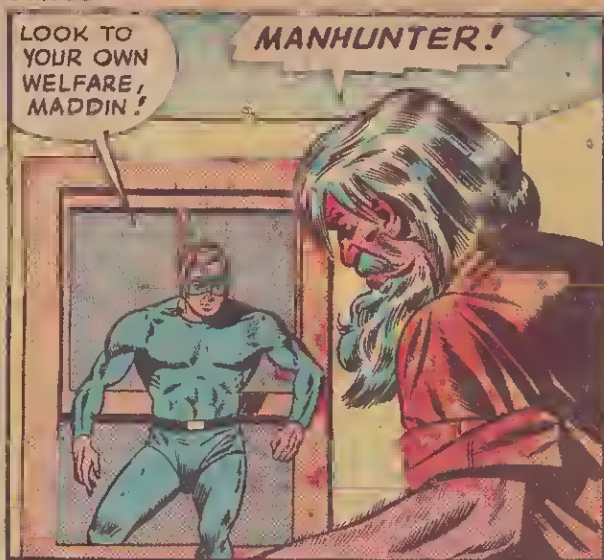


YOU WAIT HERE, THOR, WHILE I LOOK INSIDE!



AH, HA! JUST AS I THOUGHT! THE MASTIFF MAN ISN'T THE RECLUSE HE PRETENDS TO BE!



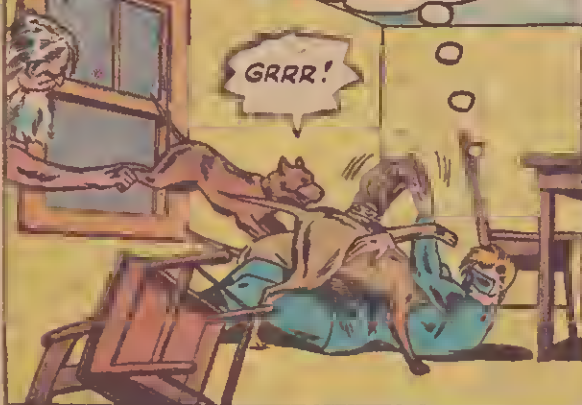




KILL! KILL!  
MANHUNTER  
AND HIS  
DOG!

THOR GOT HERE JUST IN  
THE NICK OF TIME! I  
COULDN'T HANDLE  
BOTH DOGS  
ALONE!

GRRR!



GROWRR!

WHEW! MADDIN DOESN'T  
KNOW IT, BUT HE ALMOST  
FINISHED BOTH MANHUNTER  
AND DAN RICHARDS AT  
ONCE!



GOOD WORK, THOR!  
YOUR FIGHTING  
SKILL IS BETTER  
THAN THEIR SAVAGERY!

NO DOG'S BETTER THAN  
MY MASTIFFS! I'LL  
SHOOT! I'LL  
KILL...



THIS IS A FAIR FIGHT BETWEEN  
DOGS, MADDIN... BUT NOT DIRTY  
DOGS LIKE YOU!

BANG!



DON' JUST STAND  
THERE, YA LUNK-  
HEADS! FIGHT!  
DO SOMETHIN'...  
OOF!

YOU'VE MASTER-MINDED  
YOUR CROOKS SO WELL  
THAT THEY DON'T HAVE  
MINDS OF THEIR  
OWN!

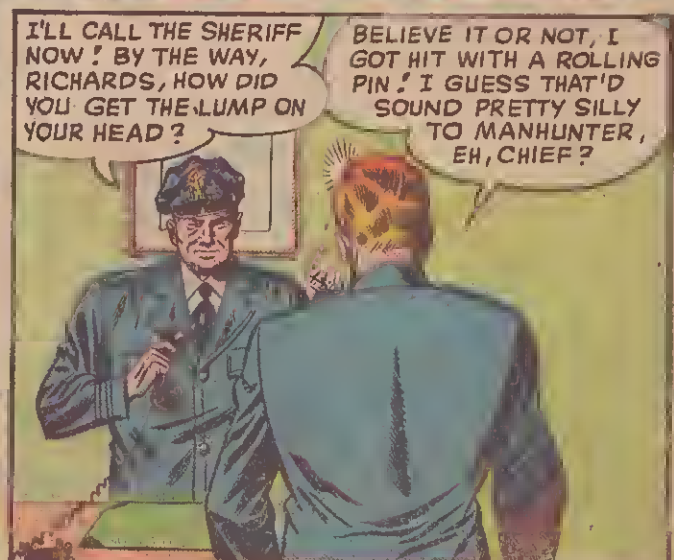
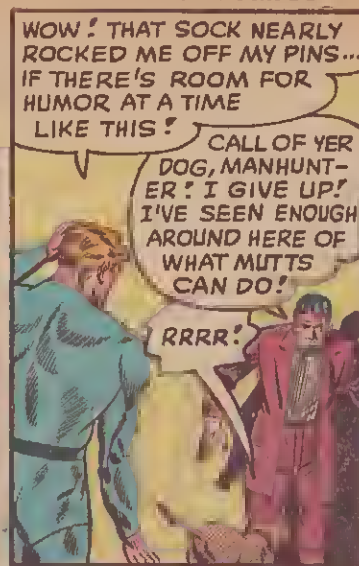


WHY, YOU...  
UNGG!

WUFF!

...AND THAT MAKES  
THEM EASY TO  
HANDLE!







# BOYS!

Look at all  
the  
Spectacular  
Buzz-With-  
Action  
Models you can build  
with

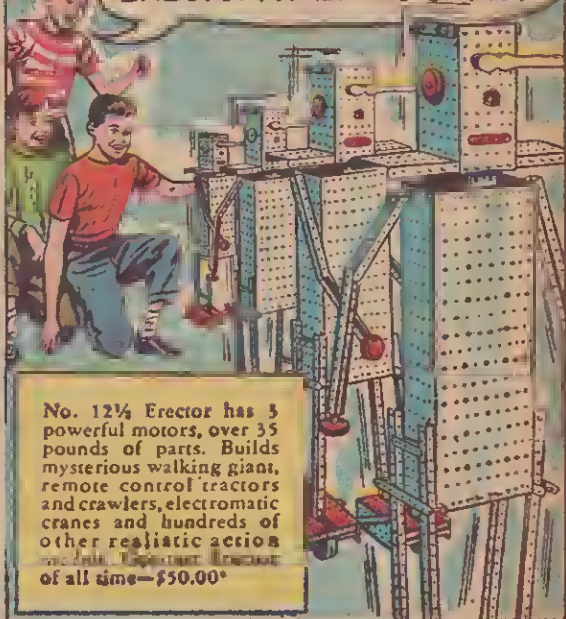
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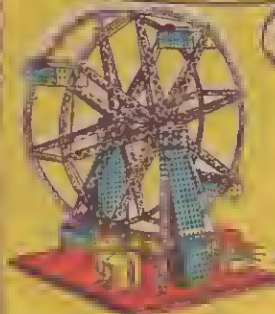


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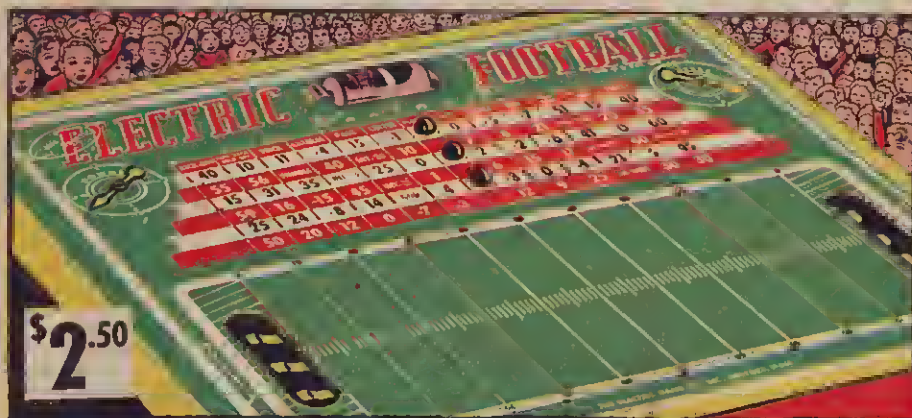
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- ☐ Electric Baseball \$3.00
- ☐ Electric Bowling \$2.50
- ☐ Electric Morhelite \$1.00
- ☐ Super El Football \$10.00
- ☐ Super El Baseball \$10.00
- ☐ C.O.D. \$1 deposit. Postman collects balance.
- ☐ Full payment with order—no collection.

ALL GAMES POSTPAID